

Was with the Devil



OR, THE

Young Man's Conflict

WITH THE

POWERS OF DARKNESS,

IN A DIALOGUE,

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity of YOUTH.
The Horrible Nature of SIN, and Deplorable
Condition of FALLEN MAN,

ALSO,

A Description, Power, and Rule of CONSCIENCE,
and the Nature of TRUE CONVERSION.

To which is added,

AN APPENDIX,

Containing a DIALOGUE between an OLD APOTATE and a YOUNG PROFESSOR; worthy the Perusal of all, but chiefly intended for the Instruction of the Younger Sort.

By B. KEACH,

Author of SION IN DISTRESS, or the GROANS of
THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

Plal. cxix. 9. *Wherewith shall a young Man cleanse his
Way? By taking Heed thereto according to thy Word.*

A NEW EDITION.

LEEDS: Printed by JOHN BINNS.

TO THE READER,
In VINDICATION of this BOOK.

ONE or two Lines to thee I'll here commend,
This honest Poem briefly to defend
From Calumny, because that at this Day,
All Poetry there's many do gain-say;
And very much condemn, as if the same,
Did worthily deserve Reproach and Blame.
If any Book in Verse they chance to spy,
Away prophane, they presently do cry:
But tho' this kind of Writing some dispraise,
Since Men so captious are in these our days;
Yet I dare say howe'er this Scruple 'rose,
Verse has express'd as sacred things as Prose.
Tho' some there be that Poetry abuse,
Must we therefore not the same Method use?
Yea sure, for of my Conscience it is best,
And doth deserve more honour than the rest.
For 'tis no human Knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inspir'd into the Heart,
By Divine Means, for true Divinity
Hath with this Science great Affinity:
Tho' some thro' Ignorance do it oppose,
Many do it esteem far more than Prose.
And find also that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the Delight of Kings.
David, altho' a King, yet was a Poet,
And *Solomon* also, the Scriptures show it.
Then what if for all this, some should abase it,
I'm apt to think th' Angels do embrace it.
And tho' God giv't here but in part to some,
Saints shall have it perfect i'th' World to Come.

By



By a F R I E N D,

In COMMENDATION of *these* POEMS.

MY Muse is dull; altho' I have a Will,
This Book for to commend, I want the skill;
I know not how its Worth for to declare,
Few *Poems*, doubtless, may with it compare;
Not for rare Elegant Scholastick Strains,
Which flow alone *from those* quick-witted Brains
Who with the Rhetorick and curious Art;
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart;
This *Treatise* read, *kind Friend*, and thou shalt see
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author soars on high, his main Design
Is to instruct that precious Soul of thine;
I'th Path Celestial, shew thee very plain,
How thou in Christ an Int'rest may obtain;
Or if in Christ thy Soul has got a Place,
He, to thy Joy, shews forth thy happy Case.
This Poem's like a Messenger sent forth
To give a Visit to the Drowsy Earth;
The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake,
Before it drops into the fiery Lake,
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence some Benefit receive;
For tho' it is brought forth in this our *Chime*,
Yet 'twill agree with ev'ry Place and Time;
It's Message is of such a large Extent,
It may, in Truth, to all the World be sent;
To Male and Female, high and low Degree,
He speaks a word to *Bond* as well as *Free*.

All in whom Conscience dwells, he lets them see
Conscience's great Pow'r and Authority.
 When Heav'n's hot *Thunderbolt*, with fire and hail,
 Made *Egypt's* mighty Monarch's Courage fail;
Conscience stept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is just, I and my wicked Train,
Have sinn'd: Yea *Conscience* also brings
Saul, Son of *Kish*, the first of *Israel's* Kings,
 Before the Prophet humbly to confess
 That he had sinn'd, and acted Wickedness.
Conscience made *David* to cry out amain,
'Tis I have sinn'd, I have Uriah slain.
 Though *David* kill'd a *Lion* and a *Bear*,
 And did not the great *Giant's* Courage fear;
 Yet *Conscience* made him stoop and tremble too,
 And more than this you'll find *Conscience* can do;
 Here's Counsel for Professors and Profane,
 Choose or refuse, here's Loss and also Gain.
 One Reason, *Reader*, of this *Model* or *Stile*,
 Is, that it might with honest Craft beguile
 Such curious Fancies, who had rather choose
 To read ten Lines in Verse than one in Prose;
 And as the nimble Fly, that lightly springs
 Against the Flame, until she burn her Wings,
 Is taken Captive with that sulph'rous Flame,
 With which she only sought to sport and game,
 So while these curious Fancies think to play
 With this small Piece, 'twill secretly betray
 Them to their Conscience, and if *Conscience* sends
 Them to God's Word, the Author has his Ends;
 Provided that unto the same they yield,
 And *Grace* and *Conscience* do obtain the Field.

FAREWELL.

YOUTH

Y O U T H

IN HIS

UNCONVERTED STATE.

YOUTH.

THE Naturalists most aptly do compare
My Age unto the Spring, whose Beauty's rare
When sprighful Sol enters the Golden Sign,
Which is call'd Aries; his glorious Skine
And splendid Rays do cause the Earth to Spring,
And Trees to Bud, and quicken every thing;
All Plants and Herbs, and Flowers then do flourish,
The Grass doth sprout, the tender Lambs to nourish,
Those things in Winter that seem'd to be Dead,
Do now rise up, and briskly shew their Head;
And do obtain a Natural Resurrection,
By his hot Beams and Powerful Reflection.
How in the pleasant fruitful Month of May,
Are Meadows clad with Flowers rich and gay,
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd in Garments green,
Mix'd with rare yellow, crown'd like to a Queen.
The Primrose, Cowslip, and the Violet
Are curiously, with other Flowers, set.
The Chirping Birds with their Melodious Sounds,
Delight Man's Heart, whose Pleasure now abounds;
The Winter's past, with stormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twill be e'er such Things come again;
Nothing but Joy and sweet Delights appear,
Whilst doth abide the Spring Time of the Year.

Thus 'tis with me, who am now in my Prime,
 In Merriment and Joy I spend my Time;
 And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
 I so rejoice with my Consorts and sing,
 And spend my Days in sweet Pastime and Mirth;
 And nought shall grieve or trouble me on Earth.
 I am resolv'd to search the World about,
 But I will suck the Sweetness of it out.
 No Stone I'll leave unturn'd, that I may find
 Content and Joy unto my craving Mind;
 No Sorrow shall, whilst I do live, come near me,
 Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies scare me;
 At Cards and Dice, and such brave Games I'll play,
 And like a Courtier deck myself most gay;
 With Perriwig and Muff, and such like things,
 With Sword and Belt, Goloshoes and Gold-rings;
 Where Bulls and Bears they bait, and Cocks do fight,
 I do resort with Speed, there's my Delight:
 To drink and sport amongst the jovial Crew,
 I do resolve, whatever doth ensue;
 And court fair Ladies, that I also love,
 And of all things do very well approve,
 Which tend my sensual Part to satisfy,
 From whence comes all my choice Felicity.
 Whate'er mine Ears do hear, or Eyes behold,
 Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold
 And Silver can for me those things procure,
 I'll spare no Cost nor Pains you may be sure.
 Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,
 Whilst others hurry'd are in Misery;
 Whose minds with strange conceits troubled remain,
 Thinking by losing all, that way to gain.
 Such Riddles I can't learn, I must them leave,
 What's seen and felt I am resolv'd to have;
 Let every Man his Mind and Fancy fill,
 My Lust I'll satisfy, and have my Will.

*Who dares controul me in my present Way?
Or vex my Mind i'th' least, or me gain-say?
What state of Life can equal this of mine?
Youth's gallantry, so bravely, here doth shine.*

CONSCIENCE.

Controul you, Sir, in truth, and that dare I,
For your Contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the least Regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard;
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud—Murder—with speed to cry.
I can't forbear, but must cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I sustain.

YOUTH.

*What are you, Sir, you dare to be so bold,
I scorn by any here to be controul'd;
Ere I have done with you, I'll make you know;
You shall your Power and Commission show.*

CONSCIENCE.

Be not so hot, and you shall know my Name,
And also learn from whence my Power came.
I'm no Usurper, yet I do command
You for to stop, and make a present stand.
Your Pleasures you must leave, and vicious Life,
Else there will grow a very bitter strife
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from these Courses you don't quickly turn;
For all your Courage which you seem to take,
'The News I bring's enough to make you quake.

YOUTH.

*Whoe'er thou art, I'll make you by and by
Confess you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am clear in Thought and Deed,
Thus to be charg'd doth cause my Heart to bleed;
Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me worse 'twill quickly be.*

You

*You seek occasion and are quarrelsome,
And therefore 'tis I do suppose you're come;
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.*

CONSCIENCE.

What Violence alas ! can you do more
Than that which you have done to me before?
Forbear your threats, be still and hold your hand,
And quickly you shall know and understand
My Name, my Pow'r and Place of Residence,
Which may to you prove of great Consequence.
I am a servant to a mighty King,
Who rules and reigns, and governs ev'ry thing,
Who keeps one Court above, and here below
Another he doth keep, and you shall know,
O'er this inferior Court placed am I,
To act and do as his great Deputy.
I truly judge according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each man right.
Those I condemn who vile and guilty are,
And justify the Holy and Sincere.
I order'd am to watch continually
O'er all your Actions with a wary eye ?
And I have found how you have of late time,
Committed many a bold and horrid Crime,
Of Murder, Treason, and like Villainy,
Against the Crown and glorious Dignity
Of that great Prince, from whence you have your
breath,
Who's King and Ruler over all the Earth.
I am his Judge, Attorney-General,
And have Commission also you to call
Unto the Bar, and make you to confess
Your horrid Crimes, and fearful Guiltiness.
A black Indictment I have drawn in Truth,
Against thyself, thou miserable Youth.

Thy

Thy Pride I will abate, thy Pleasures mar,
 And bring thee to confess with Tears at Bar,
 Thy sports and games, and youthful Lust to be
 Nought else but Sin, and cursed Vanity;
 And for to put thee also out of Doubt,
 My Name is *Conscience*, which you bear about
 No other than th' accusing Faculty
 Of that dear Soul, which in thy breast doth lie,
 I by that rule Men's thoughts, and ways compare,
 By which their inward parts enlighten'd are,
 And as they do accord and disagree,
 I do accuse or clear immediately.
 According to your Light you do not live,
 But violate that rule which God doth give
 To you, to square your Life and Actions by,
 From whence comes in your Woe and Misery.

YOUTH.

Conscience art thou, why didst not speak ere now?
 To mind what thou dost say I can't tell how.
 Thou melancholy Fancy fly from me,
 My Pleasure I'll not leave in Spight of thee.
 Other brave guests you see to me are come,
 And in my House for thee there is no Room.
 Dost think I will be check'd by silly Thought,
 And into Snares my foolish Fancy brought?
 'Tis you which cry out Murder, only you,
 A Fig (alas!) for all that you can do.
 For though against me you do prate and preach,
 Your very Neck I am resolv'd to stretch;
 I'll swear, carouse and whore, do what you will,
 Till I have stifled you, and made you still;
 I'll clip your Wings, and make you see at length,
 I do know how to spoil you of your Strength.
 When you do speak I will not lend an Ear,
 I'll make, in truth, as if I did not hear.

*If you speak loud when I am all alone,
I will rise up, and straightways will be gone
To the brave Boys that toss the Pot about,
And that's the way to wear your Patience out :
I'll go to Plays and Games, and Dancings too,
And ere a while I shall be rid of you.*

CONSCIENCE.

Thou stubborn foolish Youth be not so rash;
Lest ere you be aware, you feel my lash.
I have a sting, a whip, yea and can bite,
Before you shall o'ercome I'll stoutly fight :
I'll gripe you sore, and make you howl anon,
If you resolve in Sin still to go on :
I've overcome strong hearts, and made 'em yield,
And so shall you before I quit the Field.
Go where you will, be sure I'll soon come after,
And into Sorrow will I turn your Laughter.
'Twill prove hard work for you to shake me off,
Though you at me do seem to jeer and scoff,
As if o'er you I had no Jurisdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or some Fiction ;
For all your Wrath, I must yet you disturb,
Though you offended are, I can't but curb
And snub you daily, as I oft have done,
'Till you repent and from lewd Courses turn ;
For till the Cause be taken quite away,
Th' Effect will follow, whate'er you do or say ;
Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,
If Sin remains, disturbance you will see ;
Therefore I do beseech you soberly,
For to submit to my Authority ;
Obey my Voice, I prythee make a Trial,
Before you give another flat Denial.
If more sweet Comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from sinful Actions flow,

Then

Then me reject, but otherwise, my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my Motions bend.
Get Peace within, whatever thou dost do,
And let vain Pleasures and Corruptions go;
That will be better for thy Soul at last,
Than Gold or Silver, or what else thou hast;
And since we are alone, let thee and I
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't best for you, that Pride and Folly reign,
Which nought does bring but sorrow, shame & pain;
And Conscience to reject, who perfectly
From guilt and bondage strives to set you free?
Have not these lusts by which thou now art led,
Brought many a Man unto a piece of Bread?
What brave Estates have some consum'd thereby,
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lie?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Besides poor Conscience grievously turmoil'd;
Nay, once again give ear, I prythee hark,
Hath not many a brave and curious Spark
Been brought in stinking Prisons thereto lie,
For yielding to their Lusts and Vanity?
How many swing at Tyburn ev'ry Year,
For stabbing Conscience without Care or Fear?
And some also out of their Wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone.
Some men so stifle me I cannot speak,
And then they sport and play, and merry make,
Resolving that I shall not gripe them more,
But quickly then afresh I make them roar;
Some of them I do drive into despair,
When in their Face I do begin to stare,
To rest nor peace at all their Souls can find,
So disturb and still perplex their Mind.
What say you now, *Young Man*, will you submit?
Weigh well the Danger and the Benefit.

The

The Danger on the one hand will be great,
 If me you do oppose and ill intreat.
 Sweet Profit comes you see on th' other hand,
 To such who subject are to my Command:
 What dost thou say, shall I embraced be?
 Or wilt thou follow still thy Vanity?

YOUTH.

*Was ever Young Man thus perplex'd as I,
 Who flourish'd in sweet Prosperity?
 Where'er I go, Conscience dogs me about,
 No quiet I can have in doors or out.
 Conscience, What is the cause you make such Strife?
 I can't enjoy the Comforts of my Life,
 I am so grip'd and pinched in my Breast,
 I know not where to go, nor where to rest.*

CONSCIENCE.

'Cause you have wronged and offended me,
 Loving vain Pleasures and Iniquity;
 The Light you have you walk not up unto,
 You know 'tis evil what you daily do.
 My Witness I must bear continually,
 For the great God, whose glorious Majesty,
 Did in thy Soul give me so high a Place,
 As for to stop you in your sinful Race;
 I must reprove, accuse, and you condemn,
 Whilst you by Sin his Sov'reignty contemn;
 I can't betray my Trust, nor hold my Peace,
 'Till I am stabbed, fear'd, or Light doth cease;
 'Till you your life amend, and sins forsake,
 I shall pursue you 'till your heart doth ache.

YOUTH.

*How bold and malipert is Conscience grown?
 Though I upon this Fellow daily frown,
 And his advice reject, yet still doth he
 Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me.*

Conscience

Conscience I'll have you know in truth that I
A person am of some authority;
Are you so saucy as to curb and chide
Such a brave spark, who can't your ways abide;
'Tis much below my birth and parentage,
Neither agrees it with my present age
For to give place to you, or to regard
Those things from you I have so often heard.

CONSCIENCE.

Alas! proud flesh, dost think thyself too high
To be subject to such a one as I?
Thy betters I continually gain-say,
If they my motions don't with care obey;
My power's great, and my commission large,
There's scarce a man but I with folly charge.
The king and peasant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low degree:
If they offend, I in their faces fly,
Without regard, or fear of standers by:

YOUTH.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive
There's scarce a man or woman will believe
What you do say, you're grown so out of-date,
Be silent then, and longer do not prate.
In the country your credit is but finall,
There's few cares for your company at all;
The husbandman the land-mark can't remove,
But you straightway him bitterly reprove;
Nor plow a little of his neighbour's land,
But you command him presently to stand.
There's not a man can go i'th' least awry,
But out against him fiercely you do fly:
The people therefore now so weary are,
They've thrust you out almost of ever, shire,

*And in the city you so hated be,
 There's very few that care a rush for thee;
 For if they should believe what you do say,
 Their pride and bravery will soon decay;
 Their swearing, cheating, and their drunkenness
 Would vanish quite away, or grow much less:
 Our craft of profit, and our pleasure too,
 Would soon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
 The whore and bawds, with the playhouses then,
 Would be contemned by all sorts of men.
 You strive to spoil us of our sweet delight,
 Our pleasures you oppose with all your might;
 The fabrick of our joy you would pull down,
 And make our youth just like a country clown;
 We half phanaticks should be made ('tis clear)
 If unto thee we once inclined were.
 But this, amongst the rest, doth chear my heart,
 There's very few in London take thy part;
 Here and there one, which we nick-names do give,
 Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live;
 'Tis out of fashion grown, I daily see,
 Conscience for to regard i'th' least degree.
 He that can't whore and swear without controul
 We do account to be a tim'rous fool:
 Therefore though you so desperately do fall
 Upon poor me, yet do I hope I shall
 Get loose from you, and then I'll tear the ground,
 And in all joy and pleasure will abound.*

CONSCIENCE.

Ah! poor deceived soul, dost thou not know
 That most of all mankind in th' broad way go?
 What though they do most wickedly abuse me?
 Wilt thou also in the like manner use me?
 What though they will of me no warning take,
 'Till they drop down into the Stygian lake,

Wilt

Wilt thou befriend the cursed serpent so,
As to go on 'till comes thy overthrow?
What though I am in no request by them,
Don't they likewise God's holy word condemn?
Don't they the gospel cast quite out of sight,
Lest from their pleasures it should them affright?
What tho' my friends are tost about and hurl'd,
Their inward peace is more than all the world
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilst they with diligence do me obey;
As I enlight'ned am by God's precepts,
Which are a guide and lanthorn to my steps,
O come proud heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy lust, and to my sceptre bend;
For I'll not leave thee, but with all my pow'r
I'll follow thee unto thy dying hour.

YOUTH.

*Into some private place then I will fly,
Where I may hide myself, and secretly,
There I'll enjoy myself, in spite of thee,
And thou shalt not i'th' least know where I be.*

CONSCIENCE.

Nay, foolish youth, how can that thing be done?
From Conscience it is in vain to run;
No secret place can you find out, or spy,
To hide yourself from me, such is mine eye
I see i'th' dark, as well as in the light,
No doors nor walls will keep thee from my sight;
Where'er thou art or goest, am I not near
Thy soul with horrid guilt to scare and fear?
Could Cain or Judas get out of my reach,
When once between us there was the like breach;
Did I not follow them unto the end,
And make them know what 'twas for to offend

My glorious Prince, and me his true viceroy ?
 Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.
 My counsel then I prythee take with speed,
 For that's the only way for to be freed
 From vengeance here, and wrath also to come,
 When thou dost die, and at the day of doom.

YOUTH.

*What can't I fly from thee, nor thee subdue ?
 Then I intreat thee, Conscience, don't pursue,
 Nor follow me so close, forbear a while,
 Don't yet my beauty, nor my pleasures spoil ;
 This is my spring, and flower of my age,
 Oh pity me, and cease thy bitter rage :
 Don't crop the tender bud, it is too green,
 Oh let me have those days others have seen ;
 Forbear thy hand 'till my wild-oats are sown,
 They must be ripe also before they're mown.
 Thou hast forborne with some for a long time,
 That which I ask of thee is but the prime
 Of those good days which God bestows on me,
 Oh that it might but once obtained be.
 'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
 After I've spent my time in gallantry ?
 In earth's sweet joys, and such transcendent pleasures
 Which young men do esteem the chiefest treasures.*

CONSCIENCE.

After all violence and outrage great,
 Done to poor *Conscience*, do you now intreat,
 Thinking to prevail by flattery,
 But that in truth I utterly defy :
 'Tis quite against my nature you must know,
 Unto vile lust fond pity for to show ;
 God has not given such a dispensation
 For me to wink at your abomination ;
 If God doth once but blow your candle out,
 I shall then quiet be, you need not doubt. (But

(But woe to you as ever you was born,
If God doth once his light in darkness turn,)
But whilst your soul retains that legal light,
Your sins I can't endure within my sight;
No liberty God I am sure will give,
To any one in horrid sin to live:
Nor will he give allowance for the day,
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The work of thy repentance for an hour,
What thy hands finds to do, do with a power,
If me you don't believe, I prythee youth,
For to resolve thyself, go to God's truth.

YOUTH.

*Well, since that you no comfort do afford,
I will enquire of GOD's most holy word:
So far your counsel I will take, for I
Am sorely troubled, whither shall I fly,
I will make trial, I'm resolv'd to see
Whether that Truth and Conscience do agree;
The lip of Truth can't lie, tho' Conscience may,
When that misguided is that leads astray.
If Truth and Conscience speak the self-same thing,
'Twill some amazement to my spirit bring;
That now I ask for, and earnestly crave,
Is some short time in sin longer to have.
Conscience denies it me, Truth, What say you?
Oh that you would a little favour shew
To a poor lad, alas! I am but young,
Like to a flower which is lately sprung
Out of the ground, and Conscience day and night,
Strives for to tread me down with all his might:
Or as the frost the tender bud doth spoil,
So has he striven to do a great while.
Must I reform, and all my sins forsake?
Some sifter season then, O let me take;*

For all things, there's a time under the sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

TRUTH.

Nay, hold vain *Youth*, you are mistaken now,
No time to sin God doth to thee allow ;
If I may speak, attend and you shall hear,
I, with poor *Conscience*, must witness bear.
I am his guide, his rule, 'tis by my light
He acts and does, and speaks the thing that's right ;
You are undone, if you don't speedily
Leave off your sins and cursed vanity.
Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave,
And yet hast thou a precious soul to save ?
Art thou too young to leave iniquity,
When old enough, in hell for sin to lie ?
Some fitter season, *Youth*, dost think to find,
The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.
No time so fit as when the Lord doth call
Those who rebellious are, they one day shall
Smart bitterly for their most horrid evil,
In yielding to, and siding with the Devil.
But, once again, I prythee hark to me,
Don't God, whilst thou art young, call upon thee ;
Remember thy Creator ! therefore now,
And unto him with speed see you do bow,
The first ripe fruit of old, God doth desire,
And so likewise of thee he doth require,
That thou to him a sacrifice should give
Of thy best days, and learn betimes to live,
Unto the praise of his most holy name,
And not by sin so to prophane the same.
This is, *Young Man*, also thy choosing time,
Whilst thou therefore dost flourish in thy prime,
Place thou thy heart unto the Lord above,
And with Christ Jesus also fall in love.

Did

Truth's First Sermon.

Did not JEHOVAH give to thee thy breath,
And also place thee here upon the earth ;
With many precious blessings give to thee,
That thou to him alone should subject be ?
God, out of bowels, sent his precious son,
Thy soul from evil ways with speed to turn ;
Who for thy sake was nailed to the tree,
To free thy soul from hell and misery.
And whilst in sin, vile wretch, thou dost remain,
Thou dost, as't were, him crucify again :
Thy sins also, O *Young Man*, God doth hate,
His soul doth loath, and them abominate ;
Nought is more odious in his blessed sight,
Than those base lusts in which you take delight.
And wilt thou not, O *Young Man*, be deterr'd
From thy vain ways ? What, is thy heart so hard ?
Shall nothing move thy soul for to repent,
Nor work convictions in thee to relent ;
Give ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never spoke a lie,
And fly from sin and youthful vanity.
Those that do seek God's kingdom first of all,
And do obey God's sweet and gracious call,
They shall find Christ, and lie too on his breast,
And reap the comforts of eternal rest :
But if thou should'st this golden time neglect,
And all good motions utterly reject,
And slight the day of this thy visitation,
It will to God be such a provocation,
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
Nor ever knock hereafter at thy door.
While terms of peace God doth therefore afford,
Be subject to him, lest he draws his sword ;
If once to anger him you do provoke,
He'll break your bones, & wound you with his stroke.
Who can before his indignation stand,
Or bear the weight of his revengeful hand ?

How darest thou a war with him maintain,
 And say o'er thee Christ Jesus shall not reign?
 Wilt thou combine with his vile enemy,
 And yet presume on his sweet clemency?
 Wilt thou, vile traitor-like, contrive the death
 Of that great King, from whom thou hast thy breath?
 Wilt thou cast dirt upon the Holy One,
 And keep Christ Jesus from his rightly throne?
 Is't not his right thy conscience for to sway?
 Ought he not there to reign, and thou obey?
 Dar'st thou resist and dread his sov'reign power,
 Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,
 To gratify the Devil, who thereby
 Renews his strength, yea, and doth fortify
 Himself in thee, and makes his kingdom strong,
 By tempting thee to sin, whilst thou art young?
The Blackmoor sooner far may change his skin,
Than thou may'st leave and turn away from sin.
 When once a habit and a custom's taken,
 The sinful ways are hard to be forsaken.
 Dar'st thou, vile wretch, Christ's government oppose,
 And with the Devil and corruption close?
 Had'st rather that the Devil reign o'er thee,
 Than unto God Almighty subject be?
 Which will be best, dost think, for thee i'th' end,
 The Lord to please, and Satan to offend?
 Or Satan for to please, and so thereby
 Declare thyself JEHOVAH's enemy?
 For those who live in sin, 'tis very clear,
 They enemies to God and Jesus are.
 And wilt thou yield unto the Devil still?
 And greedily also his will fulfil?
 Dost think, vain Youth, he'll prove to thee a friend,
 That thou dost so his cursed ways commend?
 Has sin, which is his odious excrement,
 So sweet a smell, yea, and so fragrant scent?

Shall

Shall that which is the superfluity
 Of naughtiness, be precious in thine eye?
 And dost thou value Christ, and all he hath,
 Not worth vain pleasures here upon the earth?
 Shall he esteemed be, by thee vile dust,
 Not worth the pleasures of a cursed lust?
 Is there more good in sinful vanity,
 Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
 That which men think is best, that will they chuse,
Aloes, spikenard, camphire and saffron;
 All precious things, poor soul, of Heav'n above,
 He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
 To open the door, for all his calls and knocks,
 You let him stand until his precious locks
 Are wet with dew, and drops of the long night,
 So thou dost him despise, reject and slight;
 And rather keep'st thy lust and pleasure still,
 Than that Christ should thy soul with heaven fill.
 Things of small value 'tis they do refuse.
 What thoughts hast thou of Christ then, sinful soul,
 That thou his messengers dost thus controul,
 And dost to him to turn a deafened ear,
 His knocks, his calls, his wooings will not hear,
 Nor him regard, though he stands at the door
 With *myrrh*, and *frankincense*, yea, and all store
 Of rare fruit, and chief spice, as *cinnamon*,
 Though he ten thousand worlds doth yet excel,
 He makes that heart, where he in truth doth dwell,
 To be a heaven here upon the earth,
 Filling the soul with precious joy and mirth;
 Which makes *grey-headed winter* like the *spring*,
 And young men like *cœstial* angels sing.
 The soul he doth so greatly elevate,
 Doth it disdain and doth abominate
 All sensual pleasures, in comparison
 Of Jesus Christ, his dear and only one.

Let

Let me persuade thee for to taste and try
How good Christ is, for then assuredly
You will admire him, yea, and praise the Lord,
In that he did unto thy soul afford
Such a dear Saviour, and such good advice,
'To lead thy soul into sweet Paradise;
For none do know the nature of that peace,
That inward joy, the which shall never cease;
But he himself who doth the same profess;
Oh! taste and see, for then you will confess.
No pen can it express, no tongue declare,
It's nature's such, O *Young Man* 'tis so rare,
Christ is the *Summum Bonum*, it is *He*,
In whom alone is true felicity.
Such is the nature of man's panting breast,
There's nought on earth can give him perfect rest.
'Tis not in honour that vain vanity,
For such like beasts and other mortals die.
Kingdoms and crowns they tottering do stand,
The servant may the master soon command.
Belshazzar, who upon the throne did sit,
His knees against each other soon did hit;
How was he scar'd when the *hand-waiting* came,
And wrote upon the wall, even the same
That afterwards besel, his end being come,
Receiv'd his fatal stroke, which was his doom.
Great men oft-times are filled with great fear,
Being perplex'd, they know not how to steer.
Tall *cedars* fall, when little shrubs abide,
Though winds do blow and strangely turn the tide;
For man in honour lives but a short space,
He dies like to the beasts, so ends his race.
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty man of old,
And where's the glory of the head of gold?
Great monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on earth the golden sceptre sway;

In highest place of human government,
 None ever found therein solid content.
 Of *Alexander*, 'tis declar'd by some,
 How he sat down when he had overcome
 The *Eastern* world, and did weep very sore,
 Because there was but one world, and no more
 For him to conquer. Thus also 'tis still,
 This world's not big enough man's soul to fill :
 Riches and wealth also can't satisfy
 That precious soul which in thy breast doth lie.
 If store of gold or silver thou should'st gain,
 'Twou'd but increase thy sorrow, grief and pain.
 Riches, O *Young Man*, they are empty things,
 And fly most swift away with *eagle's wings* ;
 When riches thou dost heap, thou heap'st up sorrow,
 They're thine to-day, alas ! but gone to-morrow.
 Fires may come, and all thy treasures burn,
 Or thieves may steal it as they oft have done.
 He that hath thousands by the year, this night
 May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light ;
 And as for pleasures, which thy age doth prize,
 Why should that seem so lovely in thine eyes ?
 'Tis but a moment they with thee will last,
 And sadness comes also when they are past.
 The brute his pleasures hath as well as thee,
 Man's *chiefest good*, therefore, can't pleasures be
 And whilst thou striv'st thy evil lust to please,
 Thy raging conscience, *Youth*, who shall appease
 With this sweet meat, I tell thee also friend,
 Thou sour sauce shalt have before the end,
 And as for beauty, that also is vain,
 Unless thou can'st the inward beauty gain.
 What's outward beauty but an evil snare,
 By which vain ones oft-times deceived are ?
 And on a sudden drawn into temptation,
 For to commit most vile abomination.

That

That beauty which man's carnal heart doth prize,
 Renders not lovely in Jehovah's eyes ;
 Tho' deck'd with jewels, rings, and brave attire,
 The glorious King their beauty don't desire ;
 His heart's not taken with't, but otherwise,
 The beauty of vain ones he doth despise,
 Though very fair, yet if defil'd with sin,
 They like unto Sepulchres are within.
 Loathsome and vile i'th' sight of God are they,
 And soon their seeming beauty will decay ;
 It fades and withers, and away doth pass,
 Just like unto the flower of the grass,
 The curled locks, yea, and the spotted face,
 God, ere a while, will bring into disgrace :
 Those ladies which excel all others too,
 Must feed the worms within a day or two ;
Death and the *grave* will spoil their beauty quite,
 And none in them shall never more delight.
 As for thy age, in youthful days we see,
 Youth minds nought else save cursed vanity ;
 Soon may the spring likewise meet with a blast,
 And all thy glory not an hour last.
 The flower in the spring, which is so gay,
 Soon doth it fade, and wither quite away.
 Nothing on earth can you find out or spy,
 That will content thee long, or satisfy
 That soul of thine, if still you search about,
 'Till you do find the rarest science out ;
 For if in learning once you place your mind,
 Much vanity in that you'll also find.
 For human knowledge and philosophy
 Can't bring thy soul into sweet unity
 With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
 In whom, poor *Youth*, is happiness alone.
 Dote not on honour then, nor worldly treasure,
 Nor beauty, learning, youth, nor other pleasure.

All is but vanity that's here below,
 Truth and experience both the same do show.
 Come look to heaven, seek for higher joys,
 Let swines take husks and fools those empty toys,
 Come taste of Christ, poor soul, and then you will
 Of joys coelestial receive your fill.
 If thou dost drink but of the chrystal spring,
 These outward joys you'll see are trifling things;
 If heaven's sweetness once thou hast but caught,
 Thou would'st account earth's best enjoyments
 Honour and riches too Christ has great store, (naught;
 And at's right-hand Pleasures for evermore.
 Dost think that he who makes man's life so sweet,
 Whilst he with grievous troubles here doth meet,
 And in believing hath such sweetness placed,
 Though his own image greatly is defaced,
 Can't give to him much greater consolation,
 When all the sour is vanish'd of temptation,
 If with the bitter Saint such sweetness gain,
 What shall they have when they in glory reign?

YOUTH.

Be silent Truth, leave off, for I can't bear,
 Your whining strains, nor will I longer bear
 Such melancholy whimsies, they're such stuff,
 Which suits not with my age, I have enough
 Of it already, and likewise of you,
 Since you my int'rest strive to overthrow.
 When I appeal'd to you I was perplexed,
 And with sad melancholy sorely vexed:
 But since I do perceive the storm is o'er,
 You I don't think to trouble any more.
 Long-winded sermons, sir, I do not love,
 Nor of your doctrine in the least approve.
 No liberty to me I see you'll give,
 In sweet delights and pleasures far to live.

*I don't intend Phanatick yet to turn,
 Nor after such distracted people run;
 An easier way to heaven I do know,
 And therefore, sir, farewell, farewell to you.
 My bride, my sports, and my old company,
 I will enjoy and all my bravery.
 I will hold fast, yea, wantonly fulfil
 My fleshly mind, say Preachers what they will.*

CONSCIENCE.

Ah youth ! ah youth ! is't so in very deed ?
 Wilt thou no more unto God's truth give heed,
 'Twas but my mouth to stop I now do find,
 That unto Truth you seemingly inclin'd.
 But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee,
 What thou hast heard has much enlightned me,
 And my commission too it doth renew,
 As will appear by what doth next ensue.
 Have you from God been called thus upon,
 And shall your heart be hard'ned like a stone ?
 You can't plead ignorance, O youth, 'tis so,
 You plainly now have heard what you can do.
 Your sin will be of grievous aggravation,
 If quickly you don't make a recantation,
 Your sin will be of a deep scarlet dye,
 And many stripes prepared I espy,
 With which you must be beat, because that you
 Your master's will so perfectly do know ;
 But for to do the same you still refuse,
 And your poor Conscience wickedly abuse ;
 You'll shew yourself a cursed rebel now,
 If unto Christ with speed you do not bow.
 Wilt thou thy sins retain when thou dost hear
 How much against the living God they are ?
 Wilt thou cast dirt into his blessed face,
 Oh tremble Soul, and dread thy present case !

Now

YOUTH.

Now my good days I see they will be gone,
 My inward thoughts will ne'er let me alone;
 So that I could but sin without controut,
 And Conscience would no more disturb my Soul.
 His bitter gripes much longer I can't bear,
 Hes grown so strong, that little hope is there,
 But he'll prevail, such conflicts do I feel,
 My courage now and resolutions reel.
 But yet I am resolv'd once more to try,
 And struggle hard to get the mastery.
 I cowardly will not quit the field,
 Nor at the second summons will I yield.
 I'll make once more another stout assay,
 Ere unto Conscience I will yield the day.
 Ah! how can I my sweet delights forsake,
 Without resistance to the last I make?
 Conscience, although I sinful am, yet see
 There's many thousand sinners worse than me;
 There's none can live, and from all sin be clear,
 That I from Truth did very lately bear.
 My heart is good, though it is true that I
 Am overcome through humane frailty.

CONSCIENCE,

O cursed wretch! dar'st thou thy heart commend?
 Come tremble, Soul, and it to pieces rend.
 Don't I most clearly in thy heart behold
 Most horrid lust, 'twou'd shame thee were it told,
 All rottenness and filth do I espy,
 In that base heart of thine to lurk and lye:
 There vipers breed and many a cockatrice,
 The spawn of every sin and evil vice.
 Like a sepulcher, Soul, thou art within,
 Nought's there but stink, and putrifying sin,

Out from thy heart all evil doth ascend,
 And yet wilt thou thy filthy heart commend?
 And dost thou think thy state good for to be,
 Cause thou dost find many as bad as thee?
 You are so naught if you from sin don't turn,
 You must for sin in hell for ever burn.
 Except you do repent, Truth tells you plain,
 You perish must in everlasting pain.

YOUTH.

*Well, say no more, if this be so, I must
 Go unto Truth again, or I shall burst.
 My heart will break I clearly do discern,
 I therefore now must yield and also learn,
 What's my estate, my nature that I'd know;
 Come Truth, I pray will you this favour show,
 As to explain this thing to me more clear,
 For Conscience doth my Soul with horror scare.
 Is he i'th' right, O Truth, or is he wrong?
 I find convictions in me very strong.
 What is my state? declare it unto me,
 And set my troubled Soul at liberty.*

TRUTH.

What Conscience speaks, O young man, is most right,
 And vain it is longer with him to fight,
 Conscience against thee does his witness bear,
 And dreadful danger also doth appear.
 Those he condemns by light receiv'd from me,
 Th' eternal God condemns assuredly.
 And God is greater than thy heart, O Soul,
 Who can enough thy grievous state condole;
 If Conscience does its testimony give,
 That thou in sin and cursed ways doth live;
 And that thou art an unconverted wretch,
 If 'tis from hence, between you there's a breach,
 And

And if't be so, as you it can't deny,
What would you do if this night you should die?
If in this state this life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, young-man thou art;
As sure as is the mighty God in heaven,
Against thy Soul the sentence will be given.
Conscience his power did from God receive,
And if you don't obey and him believe,
But do reject his motions 'tis all one,
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon.
Whilst he doth rule by laws that are divine,
'Tis treason for to stop or undermine,
And once again to shew thee thy estate,
Thou being young-man not regenerate.
No God nor Christ have you; 'tis even so,
And this indeed's the sum of all your woe:
In God no interest youth, hast thou at all,
He's quite departed ever since the fall,
And is become that dreadful enemy;
His angry face is set most veh'mently,
Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy pride with vengeance down to bring.
Each attribute against thy Soul is set,
And all of them also together meet,
To make thee ev'ry way most miserable,
Which wrath for to withstand, what man is able.
He'll suddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his eternal vengeance make thee bear;
His wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
Till thou by faith art truly born again.

YOUTH.

*This doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to drive one to despair:
If it be so I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious and hath sent his Son:*

*He's full of mercy, therefore hope do I,
He'll not on me his justice magnify.*

TRUTH.

'Tis true God's gracious, but he will not clear
Those guilty Souls who don't his justice fear,
He's very gracious, yet he's full of ire,
And is to such like a consuming fire.
He sent his Son, 'tis true, for souls to die,
But many miss, and falsely do apply
His precious blood, therefore my counsel take,
Don't you too soon an application make
Of God's sweet grace, nor yet of Christ's dear blood,
Until by you the gospel's understood.
Those who are whole, need no physician have,
The sick and wounded soul Christ came to save.
What dost thou judge thy present state to be?
How does it stand, and is it now with thee?

YOUTH.

*I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,
My sin-sick soul doth a sweet Saviour need;
My Conscience tells me that I am most vile,
And grievously, for sin, doth me turmoil.*

TRUTH.

No Saviour you can have, unless you do
Resolve to leave your sins, and let them go;
Nor for your wounds is there a help be sure,
'Till causes be remov'd, which do procure,
And bring on you that pain and bitter smart,
Which you cry out has seiz'd upon your heart.

YOUTH.

*My trembling soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear;
Another way, Oh Truth! my course I'll steer:*

I must

*I must forsake all evil ways, for I
Do see the danger and the misery
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilst I do keep and hug my cursed sin.
There's scarce a night which passes o'er my head,
But dread I do the making of my bed;
(Ere morning comes) in the sad depths of hell,
My Conscience therefore now does me compel
To bid adieu to all sweet joy and pleasure,
To lies and fraud, and all unlawful treasure.
In sport and games I'll take no more delight,
But, contrarywise, I'll pray both day and night.
Conscience has overcome me with his gripes;
Truth follows him so with his threatened stripes;
The wall's broke down, the old man runs away,
And Conscience follows close to cut and slay,
And threatens too, he will no quarter give,
And seems before him every thing to drive.
Lust forced is in corners for to fly,
Where it doth hide itself most secretly;
And watches also, thinking for to get
An opportunity, once more to set
And fall on Conscience, which it doth disdain,
'Cause Conscience says Corruption must be slain.
I side with him, because I would have peace,
But still 'tis doubtful when those wars will cease.*

DEVIL.

What pity is't thy sun should-set so soon,
Or should be clouded thus before 'tis noon;
No sooner risen in thy horizon
And sweetly shines, but presently is gone:
Shall winter come before the spring is past
And all it's fruit be spoil'd with one sad blast
Shall that brave flower, which doth seem so
So quickly fade, and wither quite away?

What pity is't that one so young as thee,
Should thus be brought into captivity?
Hark not to *Conscience*, for I dare maintain,
'Tis better for to hug thy sins again.
Thy *Conscience*, Youth, thou hast too lately found
Doth but amaze, and give thy soul a wound.
Consider well, advise, and thou shalt see,
My ways are best, come hearken unto me.
I'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth, and things
Which prized are by noblemen and kings.
Let not this make-bait, with one angry frown,
Throw all thy glory and thy pleasure down:
Let not strange thoughts distress thy troubled mind,
What satisfaction can you have or find,
But that which floweth from this world alone,
'Tis I must raise thee to the sublime throne;
The hell thou fearest may be but a story,
And heaven also but a feigned glory.
If this don't startle thee, then speedily
I will stir up some other enemy.
Old man rouse up, I charge you to awake,
And swiftly too, your life lies at the stake;
And Mistress Heart, stir up your wilful will;
Is this a season for him to sit still.
If unto *Truth* and *Conscience* he gives place,
Our int'rest will, you see, go down apace;
Judgment is gone already, and doth yield,
And courage too, I fear, will quit the field.
Some sins are slain, and in their blood doth lie,
And others into holes are forc'd to fly:
As for affection, he doth hold his own,
Though *Conscience* doth upon him sadly frown;
Remembrance will unto him trait'rous prove,
If I his thoughts from sermons can't remove;
I'll make his mind run after things below,
And raise up trouble which he did not know?

He

He will forget what he did lately hear,
And cease will then his former thoughts and fear ;
If I can please his sensual appetite,
There is no danger of a sudden flight.
His breast is tender, apt to entertain
The sparks of lust, which long he can't restrain ;
I'll blow them up, and kindle them anew,
Then to conviction soon he'll bid adieu :
New objects I'll present unto his sight,
In which I'm sure he can't but take delight.
I have such hold of him, there is no doubt,
But I once more will turn him quite about.
His old companions also I'll provoke,
At's door again to give another stroke ;
Their strong enticements hardly he'll withstand,
They can, you see, his spirit soon command.

YOUTH'S OLD COMPANIONS.

How do you, Sir ? What is the cause that we
Can't here of late enjoy your company ?
It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
As if in Youth there were some sudden change.

YOUTH.

*I have not had the opportunity,
Besides, on me there does some burthen lie,
Which doth press down my spirits very sore,
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th' door.*

COMPANIONS.

I warr'nt you, Sirs, 'tis sin afflicts his soul,
And he is going just now to turn fool.
Come, come away, to age such grief belongs ;
To youth brave mirth, and sweet melodious songs :
Come drive away these thoughts with pipe and pot,
Sing a carouse till they are quite forgot.
The lively strains of the well-tuned lute,
Where they act, do with our nature suit ;
Come

Come, go with us, upon a brave design,
 The which will cheer that drooping heart of thine;
 Come, generous soul, let thy ambitious eye,
 Such foolish fancies and vain dreams defy;
 Shall thy heroick spirit thus give place
 To silly dotage, to thy great disgrace?

WICINUS.

The Young Man yields, being possess'd with
 fears,
 They would reproach him else with scoffs and jeers:
 But afterwards his head begins to ach,
 And *Conscience* then begins afresh to wake,
 And stings him after such a bitter sort,
 It puts a period to his jovial sport.
 The thoughts of *Death*, which sickness doth presage,
 Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the rage
 And inward gipes of his enlightned breast,
 And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best
 To hark to *Conscience*, whom he did refuse,
 And grievously did many times abuse.

CONSCIENCE.

Go mourn, thou wretch, for sad is thy condition,
 Pour forth amain the water of contrition;
 Wilt thou appear to men godly to be,
 When all is nothing but hypocrisy?
 Wilt thou to *Truth* so often lend an ear,
 And yet to *Satan* also thus adhere?
 You had as good have kept your former station,
 As thus to yield afresh unto temptation;
 Go unto *Truth*, if God give space and room,
 Before I do pronounce your final doom.

TRUTH

TRUTH.

Come, come, *Young Man*, don't thy conviction lose,
 But cherish them, and timely also chuse
 The one thing needful, which alone is good,
 That *God* may wash thy soul in *Christ* his blood;
 Thy soul is precious, and of greater worth
 Than all the things that are upon the earth.
 For if that the whole world you now could gain,
 And all the pleasures of it could obtain;
 And in exchange your soul should lose thereby,
 What would your profit be when you must die?
 When once thy soul is lost, thou lovest all;
 Oh! that will be a very dismal fall.
 Dost thou not know what I of hell declare,
 Of th' hideous howlings of the damned there?
 How canst thou with devouring fire dwell,
 Or lie with devils in the lowest hell?
 Those who do in their nat'ral state remain,
 Must live for ever in that restless pain.
 All fornicators, drunkards, and the liar,
 Must have their portion in the lake of fire;
 With thieves, revilers, and extortioners,
 And such who are most vile idolaters;
 The proud, the swearer, and the covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the self-same curse.
 And those who live in vile hypocrisy,
 Or do backslide unto *Apostacy*;
 Let such unto my present words give heed,
 Their pain and torment shall all men's exceed.
 What wilt thou do, or whither canst thou fly?
 Where canst thou hide from the great Majesty,
 Who tries the reins, and searches every heart,
Conscience declares that thou most guilty art?
 Condemned soul, thou know'st that this is so,
 And this moreover will I plainly show,

Will come to pass, as sure as God's above,
If from all sin with speed you don't remove;
So sure as you do live, when you do die,
To hell you go to all eternity:
Except repentance in your soul be wrought,
With vengeance thither you'll at last be brought.
You are the man for whom God did prepare
That dreadful tophet where the damned are;
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The damned in that doleful place to keep.
Oh, call to mind what *Conscience* doth this day
Charge you withal, before you're swept away;
Lest you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into those scorching flames do fall;
What mercy is't that *Conscience* strives so long,
And his convictions still in you are strong.
Oh fear, lest sin do sear your *Conscience* quite,
And God also put out your candle light;
He'll give you up unto a heart of stone,
As he in wrath hath served many a one;
Then to repent it will be much too late,
Such is the danger of a lapsed state.
Young Man take heed you don't this work delay,
Don't put it off until another day;
Your own experience may discover this,
Man's life a bubble and a vapour is.
Thy days on earth, alas! will be but few,
And fly away like to the morning dew;
Like as the clouds and shadow swiftly flies,
Or dew doth pass so soon as sun doth rise:
So fly thy days, thy golden months and years,
Much like the blossom which most gay appears;
It on a sudden fades, and does decay,
So Youth oft-times does wither quite away.
Thy age thou hast unto the spring compare,
And to the flowers which appear so rare.

From hence, *O Young Man*, learn instructions now,
 Don't thy experience daily teach thee how
 The flower withers and hangs down his head,
 Which curiously of late so flourished ?
 The meadows clad in glorious array,
 But's soon cut down and turned into hay :
 Like *Jonas's* gourd, which sprung up in a night,
 And perished as soon as it was light :
 Or like a post, which quickly passeth by,
 Or weaver's shuttle, which he maketh fly :
 Or as a ship, when she is under sail,
 Doth run most swift when she has a full gale.
 So are thy days, they in like manner fly ;
 How many little graves may'st thou espy ?
 Come measure now thy days, and see their length,
Number them not by years, by health nor strength.
 Oh ! these uncertain rules you must refuse,
 Tho' that's the way which most of men do use ;
 They think to live till they old-aged are,
 'Cause their progenitors long-lived were.
 That rule from truth you see doth greatly vary,
 That which experience sheweth is contrary.
 You hear the things which you should reckon by,
 Things swift in motion, gone most speedily.
 Thy life's uncertain, *Youth*, 'tis but a blast ;
 Thy sand is little, long it will not last ;
 Thy house, though new, yet it is very old,
 Gone to decay and turning to the mould.
 You're born to die, and dead also you were,
 Before you liv'd or breathed in the air ;
 Die you must before that live you do,
 Except you die to live, as I do show :
 Thy dreadful ruin, soul, is very nigh,
 Unless thy tears prevent it speedily ;
 What is thy purpose now ? What's in thy mind ?
 Which way dost think to take ? How art inclin'd ?

D YOUTH.

YOUTH.

*Thy Ways, O Truth, I am resolv'd to run,
 And never more will I to folly turn.
 I tremble at the thoughts of death and hell,
 My soul is wounded, and my wounds do swell;
 My pains increase, therefore my purpose now
 Is far more strict to be, and for to bow
 Unto Christ Jesus; that I may obtain
 Some healing med'cine to remove my pain.
 No rest can I save in my duty find,
 I unto pray'r am very much inclin'd.
 God will, I hope, these latter sins forgive,
 Since I more godly do intend to live;
 And so resolve to watch and take such care,
 That Satan shall no more my soul ensnare.*

WICINUS.

*He from this day becomes a great professor,
 Though far from being yet a true possessor;
 Christ he has got into his mouth and head,
 And not internally rais'd from the dead;
 But in old Adam still he does remain,
 Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.
 When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,
 The soul into its former state to drive,
 But that it will forsake gross wickedness,
 And will also the Truth of CHRIST profess,
 He yields thereto, resolving secretly
 To blind its eyes in close hypocrisy;
 And so appear under a new disguise,
 Most subtilly the soul for to surprize;
 Persuading him the war which he doth find
 Daily to be within his troubled mind,
 Is saving grace against iniquity,
 Which has prevail'd and got the victory;*

When

When it is common grace (we do so call)
And not the grace that's super-natural.
He takes the work of legal reformation
For th' only work of true regeneration;
Here he doth rest, and seems to be at ease,
When all is done, his Conscience to appease;
But I'll give place to this religious Youth,
To hear discourse between him and the Truth.

YOUTH.

*Oh! happy I, and blessed be the day
That unto Truth and Conscience I gave way;
I would not be in my old state again,
If I thereby some thousands might obtain.
From wrath and hell my soul is now set free,
For I don't doubt but I converted be;
The word with power so to me was brought,
A glorious change within my soul was wrought;*

TRUTH.

Young Man, take heed, lest you mistaken are,
Conversion's hard; it is a thing so rare,
That very few that narrow passage enter,
Tho' far that way, there's thousands do adventure,
Yet miss the mark, for all their inward strife,
They fall far short of the new creature, Life;
Come, let me hear your grounds or ev' dence,
For I don't like your seeming confidence.
I doubt I shall find you under God's curse,
And still your case as bad, if not much worse,
Than 'twas when you did no profession make,
But did your swing in all prophaneness take,
The Pharisee was a religious man,
Yet nearer heaven was the publican;
If short of Christ you fix or fasten to,
'Twill be your ruin and your overthrow.

YOUTH.

*What do you mean? this doctrine's too severe,
For all might see that I converted were;
But if my grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what-I have to say;
And the first ground which I resolve to bring
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from convictions which I have of sin,
Which once I hugged and delighted in.*

TRUTH.

Poor soul, alas! this reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile iniquity;
They are convinced by their inward light,
That sin is odious in JEHOVAH's sight;
But yet vile sinners are, nevertheless,
They don't one dram of saving-grace profess.
King Pharaoh, Esau, yea, and Judas too,
They were convinced of their sins; you know
That they were Saints, there's no man doth believe,
For all those three the Devil did deceive.
As he beguiled them, he may likewise
With cunning stratagems thy soul surprize;
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
Unless you do some better reason urge
To prove conversion, in your soul is wrought,
I do declare your state is very nought.
How many men under convictions lie,
Yet never born again until they die?
What hast thou else to say, or to produce,
Since slight convictions are of little use?

YOUTH.

*I do not only see my sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for sin continually;
And those which so do mourn, they blessed are,
Don't you also the self-same thing declare?*

TRUTH.

THE TRUTH.

Nay, hold a little, thou may'st weep amain,
 Yet still in thee may many evils reign.
 Thou mayest mourn for sin, as many do,
 Because of shame, or bitter pain and woe;
 Which now it brings, and leads unto i'th' end,
 And not because thereby you do offend
 The Living God, and wound your Saviour, who
 Did for your sake such torment undergo.
 Mourn more for th' evil which doth come thereby,
 Than for the evil which in it doth lie.
 This ground is weak, for *Esau*, it appears,
 Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter tears;
 And yet you know that *Esau* was prophane,
 And far was he from being born again.

YOUTH.

*But I go farther yet, I do confess
 My horrid evils and my guiltiness;
 If I confess my sins as I have done,
 GOD He is Just, and is the Faithful-One,
 Who will my sins forgive, and pardon quite,
 He'll blot them out of his most precious sight:
 This being so, What cause then can you see,
 But that I'm turn'd from my iniquity.*

THE TRUTH.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground,
 Some do confess their sins whose heart's unsound;
 When *Pharaoh* saw the judgment of the hail,
 His heart began then greatly for to fail.
 I've sinn'd this time, the Lord is just said he,
 I and my people also wicked be.
 Tho' *Pharaoh*, *Saul* and *Judas*, each of them
 God did reject, and utterly condemn,
 Yet these, when under wrath, are forc'd to cry
 Lord, we have sinn'd, their Conscience so did fly

Into their faces, that it made them quake,
 And unto God confession strait to make.
 Confession may be made also in part,
 And not of ev'ry sin that's in the heart;
 Men may confess their sins, and their great guilt,
 Who the dire nature of it never felt.
 Confess their sins in their extremity,
 When *Conscience* pinches them most bitterly;
 Confess their sins, which they committed have,
 Yet don't intend those cursed sins to leave.

YOUTH.

*But I confess, and also do forsake
 My state, therefore 'tis clear you do mistake;
 Those who confess, and do their sins forego,
 GOD will to them his precious mercy show:
 Therefore, don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
 I, for my part, am truly born again.*

TRUTH.

In this also you may deceived be,
 Men may forsake all gross iniquity,
 Yet in their souls may some sweet morsel lie,
 Which they may hug and keep close secretly:
 They may sin leave, but not as it is sin,
 Which has too often manifested been;
 If the least sin thou didst forsake aright,
 All sins would then be odious in thy sight.
 Judgment and reason may your sins oppose,
 And utterly with them refuse to close;
 Yet may thy will and thy affections join,
 To favour still, and love those sins of thine.
 If sin's not out of thy affection cast,
 Thou wilt appear an hypocrite at last:
 If sin's i'th will, and in th' affections sound,
 'Tis a true sign thy heart is quite unsound.

Like

Like to the *Seaman* some professors do,
Who over-board some goods are forc'd to throw
When they do meet with storms, and with bad weather,
Left all their goods and ship do sink together.
When in the soul great storms and tempests rise,
The Devil then may subtilly advise
The soul to throw some of its sins away,
To make a calm, that so thereby he may
Persuade the soul the danger is quite gone,
And that the work in him is fully done.
Tis not enough therefore some sins to leave,
But ev'ry sin you must resolve to heave,
And cast o'er-board, yea, and that willingly,
Or else you sink to all eternity;
Not by constraint, as Conscience doth compel,
As some are forc'd to do, who like it well,
Who leave the act, but love it to retain,
Such leave their sins, and yet their sins remain.

YOUTH.

*These are hard sayings, which you do relate,
And I indeed should question my estate,
Were't not for other grounds and reasons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.*
Sir! there is in me a very glorious change,
Most men admire it, and do think it strange
That one, who lately did both scoff and jeer
Those men and people which I now do hear,
And follow'd vice, and ev'ry vanity,
Should, on a sudden, thus reformed be;
And utterly myself also deny,
Of my sweet joys and former company.

TRUTH.

From outward filthiness a man may turn,
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done;

A legal change, I grant he may be under,
Yet may not soul and self be cut afunder.
An outward change in men there may be wrought,
When yet their hearts within be very nought.
The swine that wallows in the mire now,
May washed be, but still remains a sow.
Persons may cleanse the outside of the cup,
And dogs may spue their nasty vomits up,
But yet do keep their beastly nature still,
And, e're a while, they manifest it will.
Many professors fall away and die,
For want of being changed thoroughly.
The *Pharisee* was chang'd, he did appear
Indeed, as if a precious saint he were;
He differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
He thought himself a far more happy man.
But all this was in shew, and not in heart,
And therefore had in Christ no share nor part.
Except your righteousness doth his excel,
You in no wise shall in God's kingdom dwell;
'Tis a false change, and cannot be a true,
Unless you are in all things wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his *Conscience* bites and stings.
To hear *John Baptist*, also was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his head.
So far this seeming saint was turn'd aside,
That he also our Saviour did deride;
And when his men of war set him at nought,
Whilst accusations they against him brought.
Simon the Sorcerer, also you read,
Was changed so, he gave great care and heed,
To *Philip's* preaching; yea, and suddenly
He leaves his witchcrafts and his sorcery;
And yet a cursed carter all the while,
Like a sepulchre painted, inward vile.

Another

Another man in shew 'tis like thou art,
 Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart;
 Men in thy life may no great blemish spy,
 Yet in thy breast much rottenness may lie.
 Towards all men thy Conscience may be clear,
 Conscience so far may for thee witness bear,
 That you in morals do not offend,
 Yet unto God it may not you commend;
 But otherwise it in your face may fly,
 And you condemn for sin continually:
 For secret evils, which 'tis privy to,
 Which none knows of, save only God and you;
 Therefore, O Young Man! if you look about,
 Of your conversion you have cause to doubt.
 Satan so greatly may your heart deceive,
 That not one dram of grace thy soul may have;
 Which saving is, and of the purest kind,
 For that, alas! there's very few do find.

YOUTH.

*But I am call'd of God, and do obey
 The voice of Truth and Conscience ev'ry day;
 God's called ones I'm sure you can't deny,
 But they are such whom he doth justify;
 Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
 That grace alone hath made me penitent.
 My heart is sound, my graces true also,
 My confidence there's none shall overthrow.*

TRUTH.

Thou seem'st too confident, 'tis a bad sign,
 For fears attend where saving-grace doth shine;
 I tell thee, Youth, that many called be,
 But few are chosen from eternity.
 Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
 And yet he was a devil in his heart.

There

There is an outward and an inward call,
 The latter only is effectual;
 Therefore you must produce *some better ground,*
 For this don't *prove* that your *Conversion's* sound;
 But that thou may'st stick fast still in the birth,
 Or prove abortive when thou art brought forth.
 'Tis rare, O *Youth,* for to be born a-new,
 And hard to find out when the work is true.

YOUTH.

*Though it be so, what cause have I to fear,
 When that my evidences are so clear?
 I do believe, and trust in God through faith,
 And be which so doth do, the witness hath
 Within himself, and shall assuredly
 Be saved also, when he comes to die.*

TRUTH.

Thou may'st believe, as most of people do,
 And yet to hell at last thy soul may go;
 The faith of credence it is like you have,
 Which cannot quicken, purify or save.
 Some *Jews* believ'd in Christ, you also find,
 Yet to their lusts their hearts were then inclin'd,
 And out of Satan's kingdom were not freed,
 Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer, he did believe,
 Yet did his soul no saving-grace receive;
 But was a child of Satan's nevertheless,
 And still was in the gall of bitterness.
 The stony ground, with joy, receiv'd the seed,
 And for a time brought forth, as you may read,
 And yet their hearts *they were* but hearts of *stone*,
 Their faith was temporary, soon 'twas gone.
 The devils do believe, as well as you,
 Yea, and confess, that Jesus they do know;

They

They tremble also when some men *can't* say
They ever did unto this present day.
Such faith as devils have, most men obtain,
Which serves for nought, save to augment their pain.
If on a death-bed *Conscience* do awake,
'Twill cause them then to tremble and to quake,
And roar like devils, when they do espy
The dreadful wrath of that great Majesty,
Whom they offend, and, against their light,
And knowledge too, most wickedly did slight.
This faith will serve their grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that estate.
'Tis easy to believe that Christ did die,
But hard his blood in truth for to apply;
Men may rise up the dead to life again,
As easy as true saving faith obtain
By their own power, and inherent skill,
Nought doth oppose it *more than man's own will*;
Until Almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to grace nor Jesus condescend.
That pow'r which rais'd up Jesus from the dead,
Works faith in Saints, whereby they're quickened;
The faith of credence, and historical,
Is easy had, I ne'er deny it shall;
But precious faith, the faith of God's elect,
As 'tis a grace, and gloriously bedeck'd
With other graces, so will never grow,
But in the honest heart where God doth sow
The blessed seed, which, like a garden pure,
Doth yield its fruits to th' last you may be sure.
And when this faith is wrought in any soul,
It throws down self, and only then doth roll
On Jesus Christ, as its beloved one,
On whom it rests, and doth depend alone.
If God has wrought this precious grace in thee,
Sin thou dost hate, yea, all iniquity;

And

And lust doth not predominate and reign,
 If thou by faith art truly born again.
 Christ thou exalt'st, as he is Priest and King,
 And as a Prophet too, in ev'ry thing ;
 He does in thee wholly the sceptre sway,
 And thou art govern'd by him ev'ry day,
 Sin can't prevail, such is thy happy case,
 If thou hast got this rare victorious grace !
 It purges and doth purify the heart,
 Wholly renewing thee in ev'ry part.
 Men, by its fruits, true faith do come to know,
 And by their works the same do also show ;
 What faith is thine ? *What thinks thou now of it ?*
 I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit ;
 Examine thy estate, and take good heed,
 To close with Jesus Christ, and that with speed ;
 For as the body without the spirit's dead,
 The same of faith you know is also said.
 Without obedience doth thy faith attend,
 Yet for all this you'll perish in the end,

YOUTH.

*I am obedient, and am free to join
 In fellowship with Saints, such faith is mine !
 I willing am to do, as to believe,
 The Devil can't therefore my soul deceive ;
 For I have clos'd with Christ already so,
 That none my faith shall ever overthrow.
 The many prayers I make both day and night,
 Do doubtless prove that my conversion's right.*

TRUTH.

I tell thee, soul, men may do more than this,
 And yet they may of true conversion miss ;
 God's ordinances many do obey,
 And members of God's holy Church are they ;

And of its privileges seem to share,
As if that they converted truly were.
They may discourse and seem to be devout,
And may not be discerned, nor found out ;
They with the flock may walk, lie down, and feed,
And so remain till many years succeed :
Nay, not discover'd be, until they stand
Among the goats at Jesus Christ's left hand.
The foolish virgins join'd themselves with wise,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did arise ;
But e're the Bridegroom came their case was sad,
For they nought else save empty vessels had.
A bare profession, and a mere outside ;
And did no oil, no saving grace provide.
Many great preachers, and disputers too,
Christ will not own, nor any favour shew ;
Tho' in his name they mighty works have done,
He'll to them say, *Ye wicked ones be gone,*
I know you not, therefore begone from me,
All you vile workers of iniquity.
You say oft-times you seek the Lord in prayer :
That you may do, and let fall many a tear,
And yet not to be in a converted state ;
For many seek with tears when 'tis too late :
Others, like seamen in a storm, do cry,
When *Conscience* doth rebuke them bitterly :
And some under affliction cry and howl,
And grievously their state do then condole ;
Then promises and resolutions make,
That they such courses will no longer take ;
But when the storm and the afflictions o'er,
They are as bad, nay, worse than were before.
Some pray in form, and others pray by art,
And some to mend the badness of their heart ;
Their hearts are wounded, and then speedily,
Their prayers to heal it they do straight apply.

They sin i'th' day, and pray when it is night;
 They sin again, but pray'r doth heal it quite:
 They think 'tis well, if tears they can let fall,
 Their tears and prayers they think will cure all;
 And so that way poor *Conscience* they beguile;
 They silence him, yet sinners all the while.
 Their pray'rs, alas, can't wash their filth away,
 Tho' they do nothing else both night and day.
 'Tis on their pray'rs they rest, and do depend,
 Which, like a broken staff, they fall 'i'th end.
 A faint in pray'r, no rest nor ease can gain,
 Unless Christ's blood thereby he doth obtain;
 And grace also, his sins to mortify;
 For Christ, as well as pardon he doth cry;
 But otherwise it is with most of men,
 They cry for pardon, and do also then,
 In their vile hearts regard iniquity;
 And for this cause God doth their suit deny.
 Their prayers are to God abomination,
 Whilst they do hide and cover *their transgression*.
 Some out of custom do perform their pray'r,
 Not out of conscience, or from godly-care;
 And others also for vain-glory sake,
 Like *Pharisees* they many prayers make.
 In sight of men, in public such will pray,
 But in the closet little have to say.
 And some to God also seem to draw near,
 Yet not in love, nor out of filial fear, (show,
 They *with their mouths and tongues much kindness*
 When as their hearts are fixt on things below.
 'Tis for the heart that Christ doth chiefly call,
 And reason 'tis that he should have it all;
 For he the same did buy and purchase dear,
 Yet Satan has the chief possession there.
 God at the door, and in the porch doth stand,
 Whilst Satan may the bravest room command.
 They'll

They'll ope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in prayer they seem to be devout.
There's some will pray, and up this duty keep,
When th' soul is quiet, and th' body near asleep.
Whoever prays, and prays not fervently,
In faith, in truth, and in sincerity;
Their pray'rs are sin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their cry *when they* to him draw near.
'Tis not enough a duty for to know;
But how also each duty you should do.
For men may pray, read, hear, and meditate,
And yet be in an unconverted state.
They outwardly may many truths profess,
But not in heart, the pow'r of them possess.
The law i'th' letter keep, yea, have the shell,
Yet feed on husks, and want the true kernel.
The young man which to Jesus Christ did run,
He many things as well as you had done;
And yet fell short, as you may plainly see,
Of the chief part of true christianity.
What say you now, O *Youth*, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Delilah*, which secretly
Doth in your heart or in your bosom lie?
Don't you to sin some secret love retain?
If it be so, you are not born again.
Conscience I fear, and God's restraining grace,
Has only stop'd you in your former race.
Like to a dog that's kept up by a chain,
So *Conscience* does from sin oft-times restrain:
But if the chain should slip, then loose he goes,
And presently his churlish nature shows.
To your own righteousness do not you trust;
I fear you do, come speak, or *Conscience* must.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let so many evils go?

And one so holy here of late become.
 Are not your duties set up in the room,
 And place of Christ? Oh! see you do not make
 A saviour of your own for Jesus sake.
 Did ever sin, sinful to you appear?
 And, as 'tis sin, to it great hatred bear.
 Wou'd you not sin were there no hell of pain,
 Because you know the Lord doth it disdain?
 Rather, is't not for fear of punishment,
 That you of late seem thus for to relent?
 Or doth there not some carnal base design,
 Move thee so far unto God's truth to join?
 Is not thy end to get a name thereby?
 Or only done *Conscience* to satisfy?
 Or done to free thee from reproach or shame,
 Which sin doth bring upon a person's name.
 Hast not it done, and wisely cast about
 This way, for to prevent a bankrupt?
 Or done for to augment thy outward store;
 To save thy stock, and add unto it more?
 For riotous living, which attends thy age,
 Consumes apace, and want it doth presage.
 Come speak, O *Youth*, and be thou not unfree
 To let me understand how 'tis with thee.
 Come, call to mind what thou hast heard of late,
 And thereby judge of this thy present state.

YOUTH.

*I do not see but my condition's good,
 I have such hopes and faith in Christ's dear blood,
 Though many imperfections I do see,
 Yet God is gracious and will pardon me:
 For many failings there are in the best,
 What is amiss I'll mend, and so do rest.*

TRUTH.

Thy hope will fail like to a spider's web,
 Thy flood of confidence will have its ebb,

If thou prove guilty of those things which I
Did unto thee so lately signify.
Thy spots will not be like the spots of those,
Which God for children to himself hath chose,
And since you are so loth for to be try'd,
And lest you should also some evils hide ;
To Conscience I'll appeal you have done wrong,
To stop his mouth, and hinder him so long :
He's so enlightened now, he can declare,
As much as we at present need to hear,
He'll speak the truth, and his opinion show,
And nothing will he hide, which he doth know,
If unto him you will attend with care,
Of other witnesses no need is there.
If he, O Young Man, be but on your side,
And is your friend, you need none else provide,
But if against you, and do prove your foe,
With vengeance then be sure down will you go.
But if you will not hear what he shall say,
He'll make you tremble in the judgement day.

Conscience, I do, i'th' name of the great king,
Require you forth your evidence to bring
Against this man, accuse, or set him free,
According as you find his state to be :
Stand up for *Christ* your dread and sov'reign Lord,
And judge for him as he doth light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by lust, a bribe to take,
But judge by law, *Christ's* honour lies at stake.
For to speak home and loud have you forgot.
Is he converted now, or is he not ?
What do you say ? Your testimony give :
Is all sin dead, or doth there any live ?
Is he new-born, and chang'd in ev'ry part ?
Or is't in shew only, and not in heart ?

CONSCIENCE.

Sir, say no more, I am at your command,
And you shall hear how things at present stand,
He hath, O Truth, almost deceived me,
By's late pretences unto sanctity.
But having now a fresh receiv'd more light,
I must declare he was a hypocrite,
He's not renew'd, or truly born again,
Which I to you shall clearly now explain.
For, first of all, his faculty, call'd will,
That is perverse, and very wicked still;
Though I stir up to good at every hour,
Will doth oppose it with his greatest pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day and night;
But I must force him to't with all my might.
The old man is not slain, I do espy,
But has much favour shown him secretly.
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nourish him when all is done.
His love and his affections are for sin,
And so in truth they ever yet have been.
He's troubled more at sin because of guilt,
Than at the odium of its cursed filth.
When he's abroad amongst religious men,
Precise and zealous he is always then:
But when amongst such who ungodly be,
He suits himself to their vile company.
Some sins are left, which men condemn as gross,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very close:
Lust doth bear rule, and much predominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis shame and outward fear doth him restrain,
Or else the act he would commit again.
If he from outward blots can keep his name,
That saints can't him accuse, nor justly blame,
He's

He's satisfied, and very well content,
 Though to his peace I never gave consent.
 Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his soul,
 And scarce will suffer me him to controul.
 When I sometimes do catch him in a lie,
 And do reprove him for hypocrisy;
 To stop my mouth he vows he will with speed
 Amend what is amiss, and take more heed.
 And more than this of him I could relate,
 And shew how you have hit his present state:
 But that he will not suffer me to speak,
 He blinds mine eyes, that so I might not rake
 Into his heart and life, lest he thereby
 Meet with great shame for his iniquity.

TRUTH.

Conscience, forbear, you need not to enlarge,
 If you do lay these things unto his charge.
 He is undone, alas! his precious soul
 Is under wrath; who can enough condole
 His sad estate? the Gospel he'll profess,
 But still remains i'th' land of bitterness.
 Is this the saint which seemed so precise,
 And did appear God's statutes much to prize;
 A saint in shew, a devil in his heart,
 And must with devils also have a part.
 This day is coming, and is very near,
 When hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear;
 The everlasting burning fiery lake
 Is made more hot on purpose for his sake.
 But since you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
 Before we leave him quite do you go on:
 Let us pursue him still, for who doth know
 What God may yet upon his spirit do?
 If God grant him one drachm of saving grace,
 That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful case,

Whether

*Whether or no God will his grace afford
 To such as he, who thus offends the Lord.
 For such, whom Satan doth this way deceive,
 'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
 He never was convinced thoroughly
 Of sin, and of his nat'ral misery.
 His lost estate he truly never saw,
 Nor what it is for to transgress God's law.
 How he's undone thereby he never knew,
 Nor what for sin-original was due.
 And as he did for sin ne'er kindly bleed,
 So of a Christ he never saw the need.
 The absolute want and great necessity
 Of Jesus Christ he never did espy:
 But on false bottoms he has built 'tis clear;
 I do conjure you therefore to declare
 Him utterly unclean from top to toe,
 And let him understand you are his foe.
 The plague is in his head, and no place free,
 But in his heart it rages veh'mently.
 Lance him into the quick, and make him feel;
 Lay on such blows, as may cause him to reel.*

CONSCIENCE.

Come, come, O Young Man, listen unto me,
 I will no longer thus deceived be.
 I from God's word commission have a-new,
 To tell thee what is likely for to ensue;
 For all thy hopes and seeming goodly show,
 Thou art a wretched sinner thou dost know;
 Think'st thou on conscience to commit a rape,
 And yet God's dreadful vengeance to escape?
 Dar'st thou again under a new disguise,
 Encounter with those former enemies?
 You are the same I'm sure, although you have
 Changed your coat, poor mortals to deceive.

Ungodly

Ungodly wretch, dost thou not dread my name.
Who'm come once more against thee to proclaim
A second war, and to declare also,
God's still thy enemy and bitter foe.
His sword is whet, his bow he'll also bend,
To cut down those that do like thee offend.
Nought he hates more than vile Hypocrisy,
And from his presence, Youth, thou canst not fly.

YOUTH.

Conscience, *be still, though I a sinner be,*
There's none doth know it now, save only thee.

CONSCIENCE.

Deceived soul ! Doth none know it but I ?
Where's the great God, is he not also nigh ?
Dost think, vain Youth, the interposing cloud,
From God's all-searching eye can be a shroud ?
Or dost thou think God's seat is so on high,
That he cannot thy inward thoughts espy ?
None know't but me, *know'st thou not who I am ?*
Have I not pow'r for to accuse and damn ?
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,
Unless thy sins were purged clean away.
And whilst I speak, and thou dost stop thine ear,
Nothing but war and tumults thou wilt hear.
I'll never side with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilst horrid guilt remains in thy base heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Wert thou the highest prince of great'st renown
That ever did on earth a scepter sway,
Before thy face I would thy evils lay.
At the least sin be sure I can't connive ;
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to strive.
For where I am an enemy indeed,
I'll plague that heart until I make it bleed.

A close and secret foe, Young Man, am I,
 Who am also with thee continually.
 Whate'er you think or speak, yea act, or do,
 Of it, poor soul, I very well do know.
 Thy secret lust, and what is done i'th' night,
 Which thou ashamed art should come to light.
 I then am nigh, and know it very well,
 And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;
 I unto thee shall prove an enemy,
 When thou art brought into adversity.
 When death and sickness comes then thou shalt see,
 How thou with horror shalt amazed be.
 Then my black bill against thee will be large,
 For then against thee I will bring a charge,
 Which will make *thy* sad face like ashes look,
 And wound *thy* soul, as if a knife was struck
 Into thy very heart, and make thee mourn,
 And curse the day that ever thou wast born.
 I'll make thee clearly understand i'th' end,
 What 'tis, vile wretch, poor *Conscience* to offend.
 Hark once again, for I have more to say,
 When this life's ended there's another day:
 Look now about thee, *Youth*, for there's to come
 The black, the dark, the dreadful day of doom.
 When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy soul,
 Whilst that in *flames* doth burn and doth condole
 Its damned state, for yielding unto sin,
 Which has alone the ruin of it been.
 And also when i'th' judgment-day you stand,
 Among the *goats* at Jesus Christ's left hand,
 Thy dreadful state and trial for to hear,
 Then I against thee straightways must appear;
 Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can,
 Because I'm clouded by the fall of man;
 And am by Satan often times misled,
 And utterly unable rendered,

A true and right decision for to make ;
He so beguiles me that I do mistake,
And a wrong judgment often times retain,
Till *Truth* sets me into the light again.
But Satan then shall no more power have,
The heart of any man for to deceive,
I in that day shall you provoke and urge,
For to confess with shame before the judge,
Thy evil lust and close hypocrisy,
Unto thy own eternal misery.
I shall accuse thee so in that great day,
Thou shalt not have one *word*, *young man*, to say,
Thy inward parts so opened then shall be,
That nothing shall i'th' least be hid from me ;
And I before the dreadful Judge shall show,
All secret things that ever you did do ?
And in your face so fiercely also fly,
That you with horror shall be forc'd to cry
Guilty, guilty, O Lord ! then you must hear,
The dreadful sentence which no one can bear,
Go, go, ye cursed, that's a word of ire,
And you must down into eternal fire,
Where hypocrites and unbelievers lie,
Broiling in pain to all eternity.
Like as the fire evermore will burn,
So thou from thence shalt never more return,
So shall I also then afflict thy soul,
Whilst thou in scalding, sulph'rous flames dost roll,
I like a worm or serpent then will bite,
And gnaw thy soul, thou cursed hypocrite.
Those inward stings which always thou wilt find
Or cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd mind,
Will then increase and aggravate thy woe,
In such a sort there is no tongue can show.
You then will think how you did me abuse,
And my good counsel utterly refuse,

How

How you labour'd for to put out my light,
 Who in God's paths would lead your feet aright.
 Your base delays and put offs you'll repent,
 In that your time so foolishly was spent.
 That you for love which unto lust you bore,
 Should lose your soul, and that for evermore.
 To think how near you were unto salvation,
 Will prove another grievous aggravation.
 To bid so fair for heaven, yet to miss,
 What greater trouble can there be than this?
 To see the ship i'th' mouth o'th' haven lost,
 That doth, ye know, perplex the merchant most.
 I'll tell you also how you wilfully
 Brought on your self that treadful misery:
 How I did oft-times unto you declare
 'The bitter terments which you then must bear,
 And what your pride and lust would bring you to
 If you did not resolve to let them go.
 Oh! Thou wilt see that thou art quite undone,
 And how all hopes for ever more are gone.
 Thoughts of those golden seasons once you had
 And vainly lost, will then be very sad.
 Thou might'st hadst thou improv'd the means of grace,
 Beheld with saints, *God's* reconciled face,
 And enter'd paradise, where angels sing;
 Anthems of joy unto their heavenly KING:
 Thou might'st have sung to him melodious psalms
 With those whose hands shall bear triumphant palms,
 Who with *eternal Love* shall ravish'd be,
 Reigning with *CHRIST* to all eternity.
 Heaven is a place whose glory doth excel,
 The thousandth part of it no tongue can tell.
 Man's heart, *Truth says*, can't in the least conceive
 What those shall have who truly do believe,
 Who would lose *Christ* and his *immortal treasure*,
 For one base lust and moment's time of pleasure?

The Dreadful Nature of a Guilty Conscience. 61

But if what's said of Heaven will not invite thee,
Then let Hell-torments with black vengeance fright thee,
And make thee yield to Truth, without delays,
Before God puts a period to thy days.

As eye can neither see, nor tongue express
The glory which *God's Saints* in Heav'n possess,
So there's no man which can conceive the woe
That souls, shut up in hell, do undergo.

If men could number all the stars of heaven,
Or count the dust with which the wind is driven,
Or tell the drops of water in the seas,
Or count the sands, then might a man with ease
Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned souls for ever must sustain.

But stars, nor dust, nor drops, nor sands can be
Number'd by any man, neither can he
Express the nature of God's dreadful ire,
Which souls lie under in eternal fire.

In Hell all's darkness, not one beam of light,
What greater sorrow in eternal night?

In Hell all's death, and yet there is no dying,
Nought is there heard but a most hideous crying.
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption;
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,
Whilst they do make their lamentable moans.

The Lord, who died, will then rejoice to see
Vengeance poured forth upon those souls that be
Vessels of wrath, who, for rejecting grace,
Must have their portion in that doleful place:
No earthly pain, nor torments can declare,
The woeful anguish which the damned bear;
For if those plagues could be defin'd by men,
Infinite punishment 'twou'd not be then.

Infinite wrath it is to satisfy,
And GOD, be sure, will justice magnify.

62 *The Dreadful Nature of a Guilty Conscience.*

Did'st thou but hear the groans and hideous cry
Of souls condemned to eternity :
How it would scare and cause thy heart to ach,
Did ev'ry limb of thee tremble and quake !
Think you on this, before the time does come,
(That God does pass on thee his final doom.

TRUTH.

What say'st thou now ? how canst thou sleep in peace
Until these inward gripes of Conscience cease ?
How can'st thou think i'th' least thy state is good,
When Conscience swells and makes so great a flood ?
Or raises storms and tempests in thy breast,
Because of sin he will not let thee rest.
Come, make a search, *Conscience* is not mislead,
The very truth before you he has spread ;
What will you do at *death* and judgment day,
If Conscience thus you slight and disobey ?
Make peace with God, for worse will be his cries,
Than if ten thousand witnesses should rise
Against thy soul, 'twill be a dreadful thing,
To have thy Conscience then to bite and sting.

YOUTH.

*Some comfort, Truth, alas ! my soul doth melt,
Such gripes as these, what man has ever felt ?
I have some doubt my state is very nought ;
And that conversion is not truly wrought,
My heart condemns me, and doth me reprove,
'Tis thou alone which canst my grief remove.*

TRUTH.

Before you have a plaister for your sore,
Your wound must yet be search'd a little more :
If slightly heal'd only for present ease,
The remedy's as bad as the disease.
Dost know what time thou didst this wound receive ?
'Tis much worse, I fear, than you will believe : 'Tis

'Tis deep, it stinks, yea, and 'tis venomous,
And doth expose thee to God's dreadful curse.
The sting or dart sticks fast too in thy liver,
Which doth thy smart and bitter pangs procure;
Thy state is bad, thou hast thy mortal wound,
No limb, nor any part of thee is sound;
If thou could'st live, and never more offend,
Yet by the law thy soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual sin you might be clear,
Yet by the law you still most guilty are
Of former crimes. Treason and felony,
And justice doth aloud for vengeance cry;
Nor will she pardon, or reprieve give forth,
To any sinner living on the earth.
Against thee, too, the sentence is forth gone,
And the day of execution doth draw on;
Nought is between thee and eternal death,
But some short hours of uncertain breath.
Sin is so vile, and justice so severe,
That in the least 'twould not Christ Jesus spare;
But justice he must fully satisfy,
Who came to be man's blest security.
And since in Christ thou hast no share nor part,
See what a self-condemned soul thou art.

YOUTH.

*O cursed sin! is this my sad condition,
Truth, I believe, has made a right decision;
I have my soul deceived all along,
Though in my heart convictions oft were strong.
Oh horrid lust, and base deceitful devil,
Is this the fruit of your sweet-pleasing evil?
And thou, false world, what art thou now to me?
For I, alas! am ruined by thee.
O whither shall I fly? What path's untrod?
For to escape the incensed wrath of God!*

*Will none for me some secret place provide,
Where I from flaming vengeance close may hide.*

TRUTH.

Vain is all this, for none can find a place
To hide from GOD, such is thy bitter case;
If to the ends of all the earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with hue and cry;
If you should take a sudden hasty flight,
To seek some shelter in the shades of night,
'Twould also fail thee, though it should be done,
For unto GOD darkness and light is one.
Or if thou could'st some solid rock espy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful majesty:
Can rocks, dost think, prevent, yea, or restrain
The stroke of justice, and not fly in twain?
There is no sea, nor shade, nor rock, nor cave,
Which can from vengeance shelter thee, or save.
The sea would part, the hard'ned rock will split,
Where justice aims, her fiery darts must hit.
Canst thou escape? alas! what place is there
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where?

YOUTH.

*Oh Truth, what shall I do? how can I stand?
Or bear the tortures of God's heavy hand.
My spirit may infirmities sustain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain?
Is there no help, no salve to heal my wound?
What! no physician for me to be found?
Will tears nor prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, fastings, nor hearing of the word?
Or if that I could live and sin no more;
O what is sin, and what's my gangrene sore?
O what's the nature of iniquity,
If nought my soul can cleanse or purify?*

*Rivers of oil, much gold, or earthly wealth,
Will not redeem my soul, nor purchase health;
Ah! I am lost, the cause is truly so;
I am undone and know not what to do.
Have you no word or comfort now for me,
Oh! must I die in this extremity?*

TRUTH.

*Dost find thyself sick at the very heart?
And doth my searchings make thy wound to smart?
Doth sin, as sin upon thy spirit lie?
And doth its weight and burthen make thee cry?
Dost know thy wound is epidemical,
And that for thee there is no help at all,
By Law nor Levite? Dost thou see thy loss?
And thy own righteousness to be but dross?*

YOUTH.

*I know not what to say, I am in doubt,
Some sin is hid, which yet I can't find out,
My heart is deep and very traiterous;
Every day I find it worse and worse.
I grieve for sin, and yet I am in dread,
That I in sin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O Truth, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate, as 'tis iniquity,
I would not Christ offend, nor grieve again,
Were there no hell or place of future pain,
O that I nee against the Lord should sin,
Who has to me so good and gracious been!
Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid evil often done.
Oh! I do see that I in sin am dead,
And my iniquity gone o'er my head,
As a great burthen which I cannot bear,
Ah! that I might of a saviour hear,*

*All my own righteousness I prize no more,
Than sinking refuse of a common-shore.*

TRUTH.

Come Youth, cheer up, if this be so indeed,
I tell thee then, Christ for thy soul did bleed,
Glad tidings now I unto thee do bring.
There's mercy for thee in the heav'nly King.
Christ to appease God's wrath did hither come,
And I am sent by him to call thee home.
Rise up, rise up, his blood for to apply.
And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.

YOUTH.

*Ah! Could I but believe what thou dost say
Unto my soul 'twou'd be a joyful day.
Alas! on me a mighty burthen lies,
I cannot stir, nor power have to rise.
Can Lazarus who in the grave doth lie,
Death's cruel fetters and strong bands untie;
Can he awake? what power has he to strive,
When dead and sinks! alas! he can't revive,
Although but four days dead: how then shall I
Who have lain dead in mine iniquity,
Ever since Adam, as it plain appears,
Which is indeed above five thousand years?
JEHOVAH which at first my heart did make,
Must by his pow'r it into pieces take?
That so he may create my heart again anew,
E're good from Christ doth to my soul accrue,
'Tis he must give me pow'r and will to do,
And raise me up e're I can creep or go.*

TRUTH.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take the council which I'll give to thee;

And

And thou shalt find, as sure as God's above,
He will thy fears and all thy doubts remove;
And raise thee up out of the empty pit,
And on a rock also still set thy feet.
First thing of all, which to you I commend,
Be sure your Conscience don't no more offend?
Do not grieve that, but always take great care
In ev'ry thing, to prove yourself sincere,
He that in morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Christ do pass it by.
In ev'ry nation those excepted are
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear,
Those who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his saving help afford.
I do exhort you, in the second place,
For to attend upon all means of grace.
Do not neglect to hear God's blessed word,
But prize each season, which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in mercy on you to bestow,
For unto you much goodness there will flow.
My third advice make use of speedily,
Lift up your voice unto the Lord on high.
Pour forth your soul to him both night and day,
And you'll prevail, though he at first said nay.
Though you at first may with repulses meet,
Your soul yet prostrate at JEHOVAH's feet.
He's full of bowels, long he can't refrain,
Ere he comes forth to ease you of your pain.
Thy prayers and tears, and spiritual contrition
Will move his heart to send thee a physician,
Who will apply a plaister to thy wound,
Which will hereafter make thee sound.
Christ's blood will heal, 'twill cleanse and purify,
If now the same, by faith, you do apply.
Such grief is thine, no medicine will do good,
Nor heal thy soul, but thy dear Saviour's blood.

The

The good *Samaritan* will cast a look,
Though thou of Priest and Levite art forsook.
Into thy wounds he'll put in oil and wine,
The which will heal that bleeding soul of thine.
O cry to God my sister *grace* to send,
'Tis she at last will prove thy special friend;
If GOD is pleased but to send her down,
Thy *head* with *glory* she will straightway crown.
But here I'll advertise thee first of all,
Be sure you do for the right sister call.
For there are two, and both of one surname,
The one is lovely fair, the other lame.
The one is common, the other chaste and pure,
And will be true to thee, thou may'st be sure.
The one will dwell where sin predominates,
The other loaths and it abominates,
And make a thorough change where she doth dwell,
And will all filth out of that heart expel?
Where she doth take up her sure resting-place,
Rare is the nature of true saving grace.
Thy stubborn will she'll make for to submit,
And thy affections change, as she thinks fit.
Thy heart she can new mould and make it soft,
And will bring down each high and sinful thought.
The old-man she will into pieces tear,
She'll cut and kill, and nothing will she spare,
That's opposite unto the Prince of light,
She'll put the Devil to a speedy flight;
She'll make him leave his strongest hold and run
And quite forsake his former garrison.
She'll take no pity on the old-man's age,
She'll pay him off for all his wrath and rage,
His cursed malice, pride, and ev'ry sin,
Which of long time he has the author been.
'Tis she can work upon the covetous,
And change his heart to keep an open house;

To give and to distribute of his store,
'To th' cloathing and refreshing of the poor.
'Tis we bring down the proud and lofty mind,
Which nat'rally was to that vice inclin'd.
'Tis she can tame the wild-strong headed youth
And make the liar always tell the truth,
'Tis she which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not revenge to seek ;
'Tis she which quenches young-men's lustful fire,
And makes them to disdain that base desire :
'Tis she will make thy soul for to defy
Each *Dalilah*, and all hypocrisy,
She's like to oil and wine, that will give peace
And inward joy which never more shall cease.
'Tis she must put Christ's blessed robes on thee
To bring thy soul out of captivity.
'Tis she must thee adorn and beautify,
To make thee lovely in Christ Jesus's eye :
Oh ! she'll inflame thy soul to precious love
To Christ alone, which none shall e'er remove.
'Tis she which ties that conjugal blest knot,
Which can't be broke nor ever be forgot,
'Tis she that makes Christ and his saints but one,
And makes them of his very flesh and bone.
'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a disciple will make thee indeed :
This unto thee I also must declare,
Thou of this grace shalt have a part and share,
Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die
He can't thy soul of saving grace deny,
Give him no rest till more he doth give forth
For to compleat in thee the second birth.
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou like *Jacob* wilt prevail at last,
'Though he at first may seem to stop his ear,
Yet importunity will make him hear,

Thy

Thy time I'm sure it is the time of love,
 And thy deep wounds will make him from above,
 To pity thee, and for to cast on an eye,
 As thou polluted in thy blood dost lie,
 Whate'er is needful unto thee he'll give,
 He'll raise thee up to life, and make thee live :
 Yea, manifest to thee such consolation,
 As for to cloath thee with his own salvation ;
 Come, make a trial, and do not despair,
 Look up to heaven, soul, thy help is there.

YOUTH.

*Thy counsel I resolve to take with speed,
 If 'twas for me Christ on the cross did bleed :
 I will send up a sigh, a bitter groan,
 And earnestly implore his gracious throne.—*

*Most holy GOD ! who dwellest in the light,
 Oh ! what am I before thee, in thy sight,
 Wilt thou attend and listen to my cry ?
 Thou know'st my grief and where my pain doth lie ;
 Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded soul,
 Who in my blood am forc'd to lie and roll,
 Is there no balm in Gilead, is there none ?
 Into dark silence then I will be gone,
 Where are thy bowels ? Is thy mercy fled ?
 Lord, think upon the blood Christ Jesus shed ;
 If thou can't heal my soul of all its grief,
 Then let me perish without all relief.
 Why were thy sides pierced, Lord Jesus why,
 Didst suffer for thy own iniquity ?
 There was no sin, I'm sure, nor guilt in thee
 That caus'd thy pains, didst thou not die for me ?
 Didst thou not justice fully satisfy
 And pay the debt ? Must I in prison lie
 When restitution's made in th' highest degree ?
 Oh ! come and set my soul at liberty.*

*Knock off these bolts and chains, and bring me forth
Out of this pit, deep mire, and bands of death.
Lord, must I bleed? Did I not bleed before
In thy sad wounds, can justice challenge more?
O shall my heart-strings break, my soul doth groan?
I languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking on,
Lord, dost thou hear the ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my present wants supply?
Wilt thou the door of mercy ne'er unlock?
Lord, open unto me, now I do knock.
O son of David, help; think on thy word.
And unto me some mercy, Lord, afford*

JESUS.

*What voice is this? Who is it makes this cry?
What sinful wretch is in extremity?
That thus implores for help, and follows me,
That takes no nay, although I silent be.*

YOUTH.

*Lord! 'tis a poor dejected piece of earth,
Which is undone, and sighs for a new birth.*

JESUS.

*Was I not only sent to Jacob's race?
How com'st thou then to have so bold a face,
To importune me, when you know full well,
You are not of the stock of Israel?
Come, are you not the cursed Gentile seed?
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.*

YOUTH.

*Ah! help dear Lord, and some compassion show,
For to whom else, or whither shall I go?*

JESUS.

*Is't meet that I should give to dogs that bread,
With which the children should be nourished?*

YOUTH.

YOUTH.

*True, Lord, that I do grant and ever shall :
Yet may the dogs eat up these crumbs that fall
From their own master's table, though a whelp,
Lord look on me, O precious Saviour help !*

JESUS.

What ailest thou poor soul ? What's thy condition ?
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition.

YOUTH.

*My grief, my pain, and great extremity,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see,
Oh ! I have sin'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate myself and loath my present case.
I am a lump of filth wholly unclean,
A viler creature there has never been.
I languish, Lord, my wounds they are not small,
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.*

JESUS.

Come, cease poor soul, what is't thou doth desire,
My soul doth melt, my heart is set on fire,
My bowels yearn, I can't longer refrain
From tears, as well as thee, I am in pain :
Thy wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry,
Doth pierce my heart, I know thy misery,
What is it soul ? speak forth thy mind to me ;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee ?
Come, ope thy heart to me, for I am nigh,
Thy suit to grant, thy wants for to supply.

YOUTH.

*'Tis not for riches nor for pleasures here,
Nor honours which by men so prized are,
Nor length of days, Lord, do I seek or crave,
'Tis something else my soul doth long to have.*

The earth's a blast, and all the world's a bubble,
 There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.
 Such is my state, nought but thy hands can save,
 'Tis thou must raise dead Lazarus from the grave.
 Knock off these bolts, and set thy pris'ner free,
 And give thy grace, Lord Jesus, unto me;
 My fainting spirit comfort and refresh,
 O spare my soul, but crucify the flesh;
 Compleat thy work, Lord Jesus, on my heart,
 And thy own righteousness to me impart.
 There's nought I see can do me any good,
 Save the dear merits of thy precious blood,
 My bleeding soul will faint away and die,
 If thou dost not thy blood with speed apply.
 How has my panting breast sent many a groan,
 With bitter tears unto thy gracious throne,
 For one sweet look, and aspect of thine eye,
 There's nothing else that will me satisfy?
 Oh! manifest thy love unto my soul,
 For that will cure me, and soon make me whole.
 My grasping soul's dissolved into tears,
 Whilst pleas'd with hopes, and yet possess'd with fears.
 My great request, alas! is only this,
 Come seal thy love to me with a sweet kiss,
 For nought there is on earth, or heaven above,
 Which I esteem or value like thy love.
 A promise grant, some word to lie upon,
 Before my life and little hopes are gone.
 My soul's afraid, and trembles thou dost see,
 Because I know that I unworthy be.
 Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile;
 Thy frowns I do deserve, but not one smile.
 How did I grieve and put thy soul in pain,
 The thoughts of it doth cut my heart in twain.
 Thy messengers, how did my soul refuse?
 And my poor Conscience wickedly abuse:

*Who did receive commission from above,
 Either to clear, or sharply to reprove.
 I unto Truth oft-times turn'd a deaf ear,
 And unto Satan rather did adhere;
 I slighted thee, and sin did I embrace,
 Which makes me blush to view thy heavenly face.
 If thou should'st pardon such a one as I,
 And save my soul to all eternity,
 And me embrace in a contract of love,
 And all thy wrath for ever quite remove,
 It would be grace and love beyond degree,
 And such which can never expressed be:
 Oh! wilt thou speak again, dear Saviour, do,
 A promise, Lord, or I'll not let thee go.*

JESUS.

What faith hast thou, poor soul, canst thou believe,
 And stedfastly my benefits receive?
 Dost think that I have power, and an heart
 To save, to help, to free thee from the smart?

YOUTH.

*My faith, alas! is weak, O send relief,
 Lord I believe, O help my unbelief;
 That precious voice which lately I did hear,
 Will soon remove my doubts and all my fear.
 If love, as well as pity, thou dost show,
 'Twill give me joy, and take away my woe.
 But thou may'st, Lord, my soul commiserate,
 And yet may it be in a dying state.
 Over Jerusalem thou didst lament,
 Who had no saving grace for to repent.
 Is there in thee such bowels of compassion,
 As to bestow thyself, and thy salvation,
 On such a worm as I, whose wounded breast,
 Is heavy loaded, and would fain have rest.*

O help;

*Ohelp, dear Lord, my fainting soul will die,
Without an answer from thee speedily.*

JESUS.

Look upon me, and see my love descending,
'Tis from eternity, and has no ending.
Canst thou have more, my soul, thou hast my heart,
Whate'er is mine, to thee will I impart.
Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away.
Not one of them unto thy charge I'll lay.
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good cheer,
Thy sins, tho' ne'er so great, forgiven are.
I able am to save to th' uttermost,
All those who do put in me all their trust.
'Those who do come to me, I, in no wise,
Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine eyes,
Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt,
For I have wash'd and cleans'd thy soul throughout;
Thy debts I've paid, and quitted the old score,
Thy former faults I'll ne'er remember more.
Take up thy lodging in eternal love,
What's here below, thy treasure is above.
Chear up, poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My blood was shed to save that soul of thine.
With endless joys thy soul I'll satisfy,
And in my bosom ever shalt thou lie;
In my enfolded arms I now thee take,
And do engage, I'll never thee forsake;
In fire and in water I'll be near,
And help thee thro' all grief and trouble here.
Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,
And Death, at last, I'll cause to be thy friend;
And make its passage also, unto thee,
Only an entrance to felicity;
And with great glory thou shalt crowned be,
And on the throne sit also down with me.

The World, Death, nor the Devil shall remove
 My heart from thee, for those I truly love,
 I love to th' end : Ah soul ! 'tis you shall lie
 In my own arms to all eternity.

YOUTH.

Darkness is gone, day-light begins to spring,
 Heav'n's melody, I find's the sweetest thing.
 The sun is risen now, it is broke forth,
 And gloriously enlightens my dark earth ;
 My soul is ravish'd with this joyful sight,
 Yea, and dissolv'd with love and true delight.
 My heart is melted with cœlestial fire,
 And has obtain'd, at length, its own desire.
 My frozen soul must needs run down amain,
 Which such hot beams from Jesus doth obtain.
 The door is open'd, Christ hath giv'n a knock,
 Has made it fly, and has dissolv'd the rock ;
 My heart, which was so hard, is made to yield,
 Christ has o'ercome me now, and won the field.
 The war is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
 A peace is made to all eternity.
 What joy is this ? Ah ! 'tis beyond all measure,
 There's nothing like to inward joy and pleasure ;
 As was my burthen, so I find my rest,
 O that was great, and this can't be express'd.
 Once was I blind, senseless, bewitch'd, nay, mad,
 I thought in Christ no comfort could be had ;
 Religion was, I thought, a foolish thing,
 Which could no pleasure, nor no profit bring.
 I thought professors greatly were mislead,
 When I beheld what things they suffered ;
 But I am now convinc'd of my mistake,
 For I, myself, could for Christ Jesu's sake,
 Any derision or affliction bear,
 Such inward peace in him, and joy is there.

What

What man would not all earthly glory slight,
 For one small dram or taste of such delight?
 To have Christ's love, and in his bosom lie,
 Yields true content and sweet felicity.
 Oh happy me, I live, my soul's involv'd
 In secret raptures, sighs to be dissolv'd,
 And be with Christ, my home and resting-place,
 For to enjoy and see him face to face;
 And in the interim, Lord, whilst here I stay,
 I faithfully will do what thou dost say.
 And help me, Lord, thy praise for to declare,
 Unto all precious children far and near;
 O help me to lift up my voice on high,
 Let joyful Hallelujahs pierce the sky,
 And echo back again, resound on earth,
 Since thou hast wrought in me the second-birth.
 Let me with the celestial angels sing,
 And make thy praises round the world to ring:
 Thou'st brought my soul out of the lowest pit,
 And in the paths of Sion set my feet;
 O let my tongue, my heart and life make known,
 The favour, Lord, which thou to me hast shown.
 Let not remainders of the flesh disturb
 My precious peace, that's new, O do thou curb,
 Yea, kill and crucify each evil thought,
 With vengeance let those *rebels* down be brought;
 And let me on the earth live all my days,
 Unto thy glory and transcendant praise;
And then, great God, when these short days are o'er,
 With Seraphims, I'll sing for evermore.

TRUTH.

What melody and triumph do I hear?
 Whose voice is this that soundeth in mine ear?
 What eagle-ey'd soul's this, that soars on high,
 That with swift wings aloft doth mount and fly,

And in eternal love seems to lie down,
 Adorn'd with *grace*, and ravish'd with the *crown*
 Of inward peace; that taketh up its rest,
 At Jesus Christ's sweet satisfying breast,
 And breaketh forth in raptures, can't express,
 As he would do his humble thankfulness?

YOUTH.

'Tis I, blest *Truth*, the conquest now has won,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the conquered one;
 My grief is turn'd to joy, yea, and my night,
 Is also chang'd into eternal light.
 Thy *pow'r* is great, when *Grace* doth work with thee,
 Ye soon do then obtain the victory.
 Blest be the day that ever thou wast sent
 To change my heart, and move me to repent;
 Dear love to thee, O *Truth*, I shall retain,
 So long as I upon the earth remain.
 I'll keep thee close, and hide thee in my heart,
 For thou more precious than rich jewels art;
 I'll lose my all, before I'll part from thee,
 So much I prize and love thy company.
 Though Satan stirs up foes never so cruel,
 Devils nor men shall rob me of this jewel.
 I am resolv'd a thousand deaths to die,
 Before I will God's blessed truth deny;
 Tho' of deceivers there's a multitude,
 Yet none of them shall my poor soul delude,
 Tho' they do me reproach, slight and contemn,
 I, by experience, can refute all them,
 Who say thy words nought but *dead letters* are,
 Which men may burn, or into pieces tear:
 The outside of the book they only see,
 Who thus do speak reproachfully of thee;
 For did they but thy inward power know,
 They'd never speak as oftentimes they do,

But

But soon they would God's holy word extol,
 Above that light which they cry up in all.
 The light which *Conscience* unto me doth give,
 I'll always own so long as I do live;
 For had we not God's word to light our hearts,
 The Heathens, who do live in foreign parts,
 Who never heard of Christ, might understand
 As much as any do in this our land.
 Alas! we should have been, unto this day,
 In all respects as ignorant as they.
 But I'll forbear, because I must with speed,
 Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
 To hear what he will say; O Truth, wilt thou,
 Concerning me, put forth thy judgment now?
 Let me intreat thee, prove me thoroughly,
 For still I do retain a jealousy
 Over my heart, because I now have seen
 How I deceived oftentimes have been.

TRUTH.

Conscience, to thee I once more do descend,
 The controversy thou alone must end.
 How is it with him now? What dost thou say?
 Hast any thing unto his charge to lay?
 Remember what I formerly have shown,
And let thy present thoughts with speed be known.

CONSCIENCE.

I always ready am judgment to give,
 According to the light I do receive,
 And never was more free than now am I,
 My thoughts to shew, your suit I can't deny.
 Oh! Sir, the case is chang'd, I am his friend,
 His sweet condition I must needs commend;
 Grace has subdu'd corruption in his heart,
 That he's made clean, and wash'd in ev'ry part.
 My

My testimony you may have for truth,
He's now become a very humble youth;
He's truly godly, faithful and sincere,
I do for him, and shall my witness bear.
All kind of evil doth his soul defy,
He hates, above all things, hypocrisy.
Will and affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight.
There's no command of Christ, not any one,
That he's convinced of, but he has done:
He faithfully also the Lord obeys,
Without excuses, put-offs, or delays;
He grieveth most for sins that secret are,
Which unto man do not i'th' least appear:
He's more in substance than he is in sh w,
When high't in joy, his heart is very low.
All his own righteousness he doth disown,
And does rely on Jesus Christ alone;
Christ is become so precious in his sight,
He's first with him i'th' morn, and last at night;
He willingly has taken up the cross,
He doth account whatever is but dross,
He parts with it most freely Christ to gain,
Since he has found *earth's* best enjoyments vain.
Christ he exalts as King, i'th' highest degree,
And gives each office its full dignity.
Christ has in him set up his blessed throne,
And over him no other King he'll own.
Christ must alone in him the sceptre sway,
And he will die before he will give way;
Christ's right and sov'reignty, in his dear soul,
He is resolv'd to suffer no controul,
In things alone, which to me appertain,
For fear thereby Christ's glory he should stain.

TRUTH.

Oh! happy Young Man, blessed from above,
Blessed with grace, and ravish'd with the love
Of thy eternal Lord, in whose sweet breast
Thou now dost lie, and evermore shalt rest.
Thy honour's lasting, now it can't decay,
Thy treasure's sure, none can it steal away;
Thy pleasures are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare beauty is without deceit.
Thy strength, thy wisdom, nor thy youth shall fade,
Nor canst *thou die, thou art immortal made.*
Eternal life is given unto thee,
And thou shalt reign to all eternity.

WICINUS.

There's none on earth that's able to express
The inward peace this young men doth possess;
Whilst to his joy he clearly doth espy,
This blessed concord and rare harmony,
Conscience and *Truth* most sweetly do agree,
He's free from bondage and captivity.
Christ's Spirit doth with *Conscience* witness bear,
He's born of God, and is become an heir,
(With his dear Saviour) of eternal bliss:
What consolation can there be like this?
But whilst thus fill'd with joy and true delight,
The Devils fall on him with all their might;
With strong assaults, his faith for to destroy,
Which much abates and mitigates his joy;
Which in some measure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

DEVIL.

Hark, hark, thou cursed wretch, vengeance is
mine,
And I'll repay it on that soul of thine;

In

In dreadful wrath I will contend with thee,
 If thou wilt not again submit to me;
 Will not my shining glory thee invite,
 Nor all my Hellish Fiends thy soul affright,
 To leave those cursed ways in which you go?
 Then I'll some way contrive your overthrow.
 Though out of your dominions I am beat,
 And forced am at present to retreat,
 Yet I'll return, like to a lion strong,
 And break thy bones in pieces ere't be long.

YOUTH.

Father of Lies, dost think I dread thy frown?
 'Tis past thy skill to throw my glory down:
 Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten foe,
 And chained up, alas! thou canst not do
 According to thy wrath and cursed spight,
 Christ's power's mine, who stronger is in might;
 Me he'll not leave, tho' tempted am by thee,
 Yet he knows how to help and succour me.
 What matter is't, although thou art enrag'd
 When the great Pow'r of Heaven is engag'd,
 To side with me, and always take my part,
 Tho' thou a lion and a serpent art;
 Yet may'st as soon the Lord my God o'ercome,
 As to produce or work my final doom,
 So long as I do for his glory stand,
 And am obedient to his best command.

DEVIL.

But I have so much craft and subtilty,
 That I can make the Lord thine enemy:
 Tho' thou dost think he is become thy friend,
 I'll by temptation move thee to offend.
 Him, ere't be long, and soon you will espy,
 In's anger you he'll cast off utterly,

And

And then I'll rend and tear thee as I list,
And you shall have no power to resist.

YOUTH.

God has bestow'd on me his special grace,
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place
To thee, O *Satan*, though thou dost entice,
God will preserve my soul from deadly vice :
But if, through weakness, him I should offend,
In bowels he'll to me his pardon send.
Christ is my advocate, God will pass by
All sins of weakness and infirmity ;
Although he use the rod, his precious love,
I'm sure from me he never will remove.

DEVIL.

Your hopes will fall, alas ! black clouds will hide
Your glorious sun, your steps will quickly slide ;
Your morning's bright, but soon 'twill overcast,
And all your joys will not one moment last.
Tho' *Truth* doth now thy present state commend,
Yet you'll find the Proverb true in th' end,
That the young Saint will an old Devil be,
You'll die and perish in apostacy.

YOUTH.

'Cause thou hast lost thy former happy state,
With malice thou stirr'st up thy bitter hate,
Against my soul thou shew'st thy bitter spite,
But thy vile teeth are broke, thou canst not bite :
Thou dost on me cast forth an envious frown,
Because thou hast for ever lost thy crown ;
Because thy morning's turned into night,
Dost think thou shalt my soul amaze and fright.
With such ensnaring thoughts I thee defy,
Nothing can break that blessed band and tie,
Or covenant which Christ with me has made.
My standing's firm, my crown can never fade.

He

He that has in my soul this work begun,
 Will finish it I'm sure, ere he has done.
 There's ne'er a lamb or sheep of his dear fold,
 But he will keep, he has of them such hold,
 That in the midst of danger they shall stand,
 And none shall pluck them out of his strong hand.
 Tho' mountains shall depart, and hills remove,
 Yet Christ will never change in his dear love,
 Nor cause his covenant of lasting peace,
 To be remov'd, or his sweet mercy cease;
 And Truth and Conscience jointly do agree,
 That the new-birth is truly wrought in me.
Th' immortal seed I'm sure must needs *bring forth*
A Babe Immortal, and my Heav'nly birth
 Doth shew to all, and clearly signify,
 I cannot perish in apostacy.
 The head and members of one nature are,
 Or else Christ's body a strange monster were;
 As sure as he's in Heaven, so shall I be,
 And reign with him to all eternity.

DEVIL.

My words, I see, no place at all can find
 Within the centre of thy evil mind;
 I'll leave thee, therefore, with my *dreadful curse*,
 Which is as bad as Hell, nay it is worse
 Than all the plagues of my infernal lake,
 And let those who love me vengeance take
 Upon so vile a wretch; and though I do
 Forsake thee now, within a day or two
 I'll come again, and will thy soul torment,
 'Till thou of thy repentance shalt repent.

YOUTH.

O Lord, I praise thee for that glorious power,
 Which help'st my soul in such a needful hour,

*Of strong assaults from the vile wicked one,
Thou help'st me to resist him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear God, be pleased to inflame,
My heart with grace to magnify thy name :
And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy Truth also for me appear.
Though I am young and weak, I shall thereby,
Not fear the assault of any enemy.
Come, speak, O Truth, wilt thou be on my side ?
'Tis in thy strength I very much confide ;
Though I am feeble, thou art rightly strong,
And whilst for me, there's none can do me wrong.*

TRUTH.

I will, dear soul, support thee here on earth,
And save thee from the rage of Hell and Death ;
I will assist thee by a mighty arm,
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm ;
And with my glitt'ring sword cut down and slay
All cursed enemies, who thee gainsay.

GRACE.

If Truth should fail, I will thy wants supply,
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency ;
Light I will be in darkness, joy in grief,
And when in trouble great, I'll bring relief,
If thou wilt always on my arm rely,
'The Devil will with speed be forc'd to fly.
Never on me did any soul depend,
But they obtain'd deliv'rance in the end.
I'll help thy soul through all its Christian strife,
And bring thee safe to everlasting life.

CONSCIENCE.

I'll be the third that will lend thee an hand,
We'll all combine to make a treble band.

H

A three-

A threefold cord can't easily broken be,
I'll be a friend in thine adversity;
There's not a foe on earth thou need'st to fear,
So long as I for thee my witness bear.
That thou in Truth dost walk before the Lord,
And that thy way doth with his word accord;
The evil foe shall be ashamed quite,
Whilst faithfully thou walk'st up to thy light;
And Satan can never get any ground,
Whilst I declare thy tears are truly sound.
Chear up, poor soul, I'll feast thee constantly,
And plead for thee before the enemy;
My sweetest wine I'll keep also to th' end,
At death I will thy soul with that befriend.
God's Word, that is thy ground in ev'ry thing,
His glory is thy aim, from thence doth spring
All service that thou dost towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'll afford;
That doth bear witness for thee, so do I,
And will also, when that thou com'st to die.

The Young Man's experiencing Conversion truly wrought in his soul, and that he is delivered from the power of the Tempter, breaks forth into these following Hymns of Prayer and Praises to God.

A Mystical Hymn of Thanksgiving.

MY soul mounts up with eagle's wings,
 And unto thee, dear God, she sings,
 Since thou art on my side;
 My enemies are forc'd to fly,
 As soon as they do thee espy;
Thy name be glorify'd.
 Thou makest rich, by making poor,
 By poverty add'st to my store,
 Such grace dost thou provide;
 Thou wound'st as well as thou mak'st whole,
 And heal'st by wounding of the soul,
Thy name be glorify'd.
 Thou mak'st men blind by giving sight,
 And turns their darkness into night,
 These things can't be deny'd;
 Thou cloath'st the soul by making bare,
 And givest food when none is there,
Thy name be glorify'd.
 Thou killest by making alive,
 By dying dost the soul revive,
 Which none can do beside;
 Thou dost raise up by pulling down,
 And by abasing thou dost crown,
Thy name be glorify'd.
 By making bitter thou mak'st sweet,
 And mak'st each crooked thing to meet
 I'th soul, when thou hast try'd;
 The fruitless tree thou mak'st to grow,
 And the green tree dost overthrow,
Thy name be glorify'd.

The conquered the conquest gains,
 By being beat the field obtains,
 Which makes me therefore cry,
 Lord, while I live upon the earth,
 Since thou hast wrought the second birth,

Thy name be glorify'd.

Thou mak'st men wise by coming fools,
 By emptying thou fill'st their souls,
 Such grace dost thou provide;
 By making weary thou giv'st rest,
 That which seems worst proves for the best,

Thy name be glorify'd.

Thou art far off and also near,
 And not confin'd, but ev'ry where,
 And on the clouds dost ride;
 O! thou art love, and also light,
 There's none can go out of thy sight,

Thy name be glorify'd.

Lord, thou art great, and also good,
 And sitt'st upon the mighty flood,
 By whom all hearts are try'd;
 Though thou art Three, and art but One,
 And comprehended art of none,

Thy name be glorify'd.

The Excellency of Peace of Conscience.

MY Conscience is become my friend,
 And chearfully doth speak to me,
 And I will to his motions bend,
 Though that I should reproached be:
 I matter not who doth revile,
 Since Conscience in my face doth smile.
 My Conscience now doth give me rest,
 My burden's gone, my soul is free;
 Again I would not be oppress'd
 In the old bands of misery,

For kingdoms, nor for crowns of gold,
 Nor any thing that can be told.
 My Conscience doth, with precious food,
 Feed my poor soul continually;
 Its dainties also are so good,
 All sinful sweets I do defy:
 This banquet's lasting, 'twill supply
 My wants, and feast me till I die.
 My Conscience doth me chearful make,
 When I am much possess'd with grief,
 And when I suffer for its sake,
 'Twill yield me joy and sweet relief:
 Though troubles rise and much increase,
 I in my Conscience shall have peace.
 When others to the mountains fly,
 And, sore amaz'd, do trembling stand,
 A place of shelter there have I,
 And Conscience will lend me his hand,
 To lock me in the chambers fast,
 'Till th' indignation's overpast.
 At death, and in the judgment day,
 What would men give for such a friend?
 All those which do him disobey,
 They'll repent, I'm sure, i'th' end:
 When such are forc'd to howl and cry,
 My soul shall sing continually.

An Hymn upon the Six Principles of Christ's Doctrine.
 Heb. vi. 1, 2.

Repentance is wrought in my soul,
 And faith for to believe;
 Whereby on Jesus I do roll,
 And truly him receive.
 As my dread Lord and Sovereign,
 Him always to obey;
 And in things over me to reign,
 And govern night and day.

Christ's baptism it is very sweet,
With laying on of hands ;
My soul is brought to Jesu's feet,
In owning his commands.
Those ordinances men oppose,
And count as carnal things ;
I have clos'd with, and tell'd to those,
From them rare comforts spring.
My precious Lord I must obey,
Though men reproach me still ;
I'll do whatever Christ doth say,
And yield unto his will.
On Christ alone I do rely,
Though men judge otherwise ;
Because I can't God's truth deny,
I am reproach'd with lies.
Let them deride, yet for Christ's sake,
Resolved now am I,
In his own strength the Cross to take,
Yea, and for him to die ;
Before I'll ever turn my back
On him whom I do love,
For I do know I shall not lack
His presence from above.
For he has promis'd to the end,
To me he will be near ;
And be to me a faithful friend,
Which makes me not to fear
Whatever Men or Devils do,
In secret place design,
He soon can them quite overthrow,
And help this soul of mine.
The Resurrection of the Dead,
I constantly maintain ;
When all those which lie buried,
Shall rise to life again.

And

And that the judgment day will come,
When Christ, upon the Throne,
Shall pass a black eternal doom
Upon each wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully,
With bowels he'll embrace,
And crowns, to all eternity,
Upon their heads he'll place:
And in the kingdom shall they reign,
Prepared long before ;
And also shall with Christ remain,
In blifs for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THE sun doth now begin to shine,
And breaketh forth yet more and more ;
Mere darkness was that light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore :
I was involved with my sin,
Had day without, but night within.
My former days I did compare,
Unto the sweet and lovely spring ;
I thought that time it was as rare,
As when the chirping birds do sing :
But I was blind, I now do see,
There was no spirit, nor light in me.
My spring it was the winter time,
Yet, like the midst of cold December,
The sun was gone out of my clime,
And also I do now remember,
My heart was cold as any stone,
My leaves were off, and sap was gone.
God is a sun, a shield also,
The glory of the world is he ;
True light alone from him doth flow,
And he has now enlightned me ;

The

The sun doth his sweet beams display,
Like to the dawning of the day.
How precious is't to see the sun,
When in the morning it doth rise,
And shineth in our horizon,
To th' clearing of the cloudy skies !
The misty fogs, by his strong light,
Are vanish'd quite out of our sight.
Thus doth the Lord, in my poor heart,
By his strong beams and glorious rays,
The light from darkness clearly part,
And make in me rare shining days :
Though fogs appear, and clouds do rise,
He doth expel them from mine eyes.
Were there no glorious Lamp above,
What dark confusion would be here,
If God should quite the sun remove,
How would the seamen do to steer ?
My soul's the world, and Christ's the sun,
If he shines not, I am undone.
In winter things hang down their head,
Until *Sol's* beams do them revive ;
So I in sin lay buried,
'Till Jesus Christ made me alive :
Alas ! my heart was ice and snow,
'Till sun did shine, and winds did blow.
Until warm gales of Heavenly wind
Did sweetly blow, and sun did dart,
Its light in me I could not find,
No heat within my inward part ;
Then blow thou wind, and shine thou sun,
To make my soul a lively one.
In nat'ral men there is a light,
Which for their sins doth them reprove,
And yet are they but in the night,
And not renewed from above ;

The Moon is given (it is clear)
To guide men who in darkness are,
The sun for brightness doth exceed
The stars of Heaven, or the moon,
Of them there is but little need,
When sun doth shine towards high noon :
Just so the Gospel doth excel
The law God gave to Israel.
All those who do the Gospel slight,
And rather have a legal guide ;
The sun's not risen in their sight,
And therefore 'tis that they deride
Those who commend the Gospel-sun,
Above the light in ev'ry one.
Degrees of light they do perceive,
Some of them weak, and others strong ;
That which is saving, none receive,
But those who unto Christ belong ;
Yet doth each light serve for the end,
For which to man God did it send.

DIVINE BREATHINGS.

An Hymn.

LET not the sun eclipsed be,
Nor any dark cloud interpose
Between thyself (dear Christ) and me,
Who art that blessed *Sharon's* rose :
O let that face upon me shine,
Since thou, by choice, hast made me thine.
Always let me walk in thy light,
'Till grace doth me with glory crown,
Turn not my morning into night,
Nor ever let my sun go down :
O let thy face upon me shine,
Since by dear purchase I am thine.

Let

Let not thick fogs, O Lord, arise,
 From the gross lumps of this dark earth,
 To th' hiding of the glorious skies,
 The thought of that's as bad as death.

O let thy face upon me shine,
 Since by adoption I am thine.

Lord let my morning be more bright,
 And my sun shine to th' perfect day,
 And let mine eyes have stronger sight,
 That I behold its glory may :

O let thy face before me shine,
 Since God, by gift, has made me thine.

Lord, shine, and make my heart more soft,
 And temper it the seal to take ;
 Make it according as it ought,

Lord, do it for thy own name's sake :

O let thy face upon me shine,
 Since by sweet contract I am thine.

The light of thy dear countenance,
 It is the thing I only prize ;

Let not, therefore, my ignorance
 Darken the light of my dim eyes.

O let thy face upon me shine,
 Since I, by faith, am wholly thine.

O be my strength, my light, my guide
 Always, until I come to die ;

And from thy paths ne'er let me slide,
 But light me to eternity :

O let thy face upon me shine,
 For I myself to thee resign.

There's many, Lord, who daily cry,
Oh ! who will shew us any good ?

'Tis in thyself, Lord, it doth lie,
 Although by few 'tis understood.

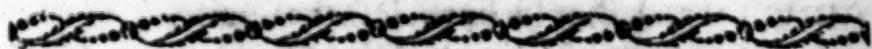
O let thy face upon me shine,
 For I, by conquest, now am thine.

Lord, in the light, I thee enjoy,
And with thy Saints communion have;
No Devil can that soul destroy,
Whom thou intendest for to save.
O let thy face upon me shine,
For I can say, Lord, thou art mine.
Let not the sun only appear
For to enlighten my dark heart;
But to poor souls, both far and near,
The self-same glory, Lord, impart.
O let thy face upon them shine,
As it doth now, dear God, on mine.
Let light and glory so break forth,
And darkness fly and quite be gone,
That all thy Saints upon the earth,
May in the truth be join'd in one.
O let thy face so brightly shine,
As to discover who are thine.
Let grace and knowledge now abound,
And the bless'd gospel shine so clear,
That it *Rome's* harlot may confound,
And Popish darkness quite cashier:
O let thy face on *Sion* shine,
But plague those cursed foes of thine.
Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Thy light and glory, Lord, behold;
To each adjacent country,
Do thou the Gospel plain unfold:
O let thy face upon them shine,
That all these nations may be thine,
Let *Christendom* new christ'ned be,
And unto thee O let them turn,
And be baptiz'd, O Christ, by thee,
With the Spirit of the Holy One;
O let thy face upon it shine,
That *Christendom* may all be thine.

And

And carry on thy glorious work,
Victoriously in ev'ry land,
Let *Tartars*, and the mighty *Turk*
Subject themselves to thy command :
O let thy face upon them shine,
That those blind people may be thine.
And let thy brightness also go
To *Asia* and to *Africa* ;
Let *Egypt* and *Affyria* too,
Submit unto thy blessed law :
O let thy face upon them shine,
That those dark regions may be thine.
Nay, precious God, let light extend
To *China* and *East-India* ;
To thee let all the people bend,
Who live in wild *America*.
O let thy blessed Gospel shine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine.
Send forth thy light like to the morn,
Most swiftly, Lord, O let it fly,
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*,
That all dark nations may espy
Thy glorious face on them to shine,
And they in Christ for to be thine.
The fulness of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with speed, O let them fear
Thy name in truth, with one accord,
Live they far off, or live they near :
O let thy face upon them shine,
And let us know, Lord, who are thine.
And let also the glorious news
Of thy salvation, yield relief,
Unto the sad distressed *Jews*,
Who hardned are in unbelief.
O let thy face upon them shine,
For *Abram's* sake, that friend of thine.

O don't forget poor *Israel*,
But let thy light and glorious rays
Cause their rare beauty to excel,
Beyond what 'twas in former days.
O cause thy face sweetly to shine,
That *Jews and Gentiles may be thine*,
O let all kingdoms now with speed,
And all the nations under Heaven,
From all gross darkness now be freed,
And power to thy Saints be given,
That they in glory, Lord, may shine,
According to that word of thine.



AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING,

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN

Old Apostate and a Young Professor.

APOSTATE.

HOW many straights and crosses have I met,
Since I myself to seek for *Canaan* set.
Red seas and wildernesses lie between,
Why venture I for what I ne'er have seen
Why can I not, where I am now, remain
Or to my old delights turn back again?
My head has been perplex'd with cares and fears,
And to these preachers I inclin'd mine ears.

I

They

They were but fancies that disturb my mind.
 I sought for something which I could not find.
 Ah! would to God in *Egypt* I'd remain'd,
 For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conscience be silent, don't disturb me more,
 Upon such things I will no longer pore:
 For back to *Egypt* I will now retire,
 Where I shall have things to my heart's desire.

DEVIL.

Pursue thy purpose, thou shalt understand,
 What e'er I have shall be at thy command;
 My kingdom's large, this world is wholly mine,
 Bow down to me, and all shall then be thine.
 Afraid I was I should have lost thee quite,
 There's nought like that which is now in thy sight.
 Behold the bags of gold which thou shalt have,
 Honours on earth, riches and pleasures brave;
 When others forc'd in prisons are to lie,
 Thou shalt enjoy thy precious liberty.
 When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
 Thou shalt be held in honour and renown.
 Thou hast much goods laid up for many years,
 And long shalt live, free from all cares and fears;
 Thy seed establish'd, too, shall be on earth,
 And thou shalt spend thy days in joy and mirth.
 Thoughts of religion, utterly disdain,
 Not think of God, or Jesus Christ again.
 Fanatick fables never more regard,
 The pains of Hell, of which thou oft has heard,
 Are nought but fictions of their crafty head,
 With fear of nothing are they frightened;
 That, madmen-like, they trample under feet,
 Those lovely joys, which wise men find most sweet.
 Religion's nought but a devised thing,
 Which up at first some crafty head did bring,

To

To awe the minds of fools, who, wanting wit,
Take that for gold that's a mere counterfeit.
The truth o'th Scriptures thou hast need to doubt,
For divers places thou may'st soon find out,
Which inconsistent to each other be,
Of what it speaks there is no certainty.
Conclude, in Truth, there is no God at all,
Why should'st thou be so foolish as to call
On him, whom thou didst never see or know,
Unless it's thus, because that most do so.
Let melancholy fancies now, therefore,
Ne'er vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thyself on earth, and heap up gold,
No good like that, which purse and bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to-morrow thou must die,
And after that there's no eternity,
As some suppose, for thou i'th' grave shall rot,
And, as the beast, be utterly forgot.
But since you know it is reproach to them,
Who will religion utterly contemn;
Thou may'st religious also seem to be,
For there is none that's very fit for thee.
Melodious sounds, sweet mirth, and music rare,
Do much affect the heart, and charms the ear;
No worship on the earth doth suit so well
With flesh and blood, or doth for ease excel;
Or with man's int'rest doth so well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the worship which for thee I pick,
I'm not against thy turning Catholick.
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'st not doubt,
An easier way for thee I can't find out.
The way's so broad, whole nations walk therein,
And persons of all sorts, no let is sin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'st hear melodious sounds,
Sweet joy and mirth on ev'ry side abounds.

Fine boys, and men, ravishing notes do sing,
Whilst organs play in concert, and bells ring;
In that brave way thou'lt have thy liberty,
To do such things as others do deny.
Thou may'st be mad, carouse and domineer,
Strict *Roman Catholicks* such things can bear;
If thou dost swear, drink healths, yea, or should'st curse,
There's few i'th Church will like thee'er the worse,
Or if thou should'st some curious lady spy,
Or view some pretty maid with wanton eye,
To court or play, thou need'st not fear at all,
For all such things they venial sins do call.
And one great help and remedy thou'lt have,
Which from all grief and danger will the save;
If it fall out, by chance, at any time,
Thou should'st commit some great and heinous crime,
There is a straight-way, the blessed absolution,
A present help, and yet no superstition.
For a small sum of money, soon is had
A pardon, for all sins, though ne'er so bad.
His Holiness, for a few shillings, can
Murder and perjury forgive to man;
Nay, unto thee can grant a dispensation,
To kill and murder any in a nation,
Who us and th' Holy Church hate and oppose,
Come, trouble not thyself, but straightway close
With this fam'd Church, to whom such pow'rs giv'n,
To ope and shut, with ease, the gates of Heaven;
And make that sin to-day, that ne'er was sin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'er hath been.
Come buy thee beads, and crucifix also,
And as the Church believes, believe thou too.
For this I hope to see, o'er a few days,
Some thousands more cleaving to those old ways.
And thou wilt not such an advantage gain,
As now thou may'st with ease enough obtain.

And

And since in kindness and affection dear,
I've shew'd thee how to be preferred here,
And do engage thy faithful friend to be,
There's some small thing I'd have thee do for me,
Speak evil of the way thou late wast in ;
Belie them all, and charge them all with sin ;
Their faults lay ope, let nought at all be hid,
Reville, reproach, and slander in my stead ;
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little love, and want of charity.
Of *Canaan* land, raise thou an ill report,
To turn them back that are a going for't.
One thing at present I would have thee do,
There is a friend of mine which thou dost know,
Who hath a son, which is indeed his heir,
That to these foolish notions doth adhere.
If he should visit thee, with speed do thou
Treat with the peevish youth, I'll teach thee how
To controvert the cause ; my place supply,
And do what I could not do formerly.
His forward zeal will do my kingdom wrong,
Cause others also in that way to throng ;
And you shall also some derision bear.
Through his hot zeal, if that you han't a care.

VICINUS.

'The thoughts which Satan darts into his mind,
He closeth with, and fully is inclin'd
His counsel for to take, whate'er become
Of his poor soul, at the great day of doom.
An Atheist he's become, in heart and life,
And hath abandon'd all his Christian strife :
He's ready now, and fit for any evil,
An instrument prepared for the Devil.
But since the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat

About this youth, that has of late begun,
 Resolvedly to Heaven for to run.
 You'll hear how this Apostate will engage,
 To turn him from his blessed pilgrimage.

APOSTATE.

What, my old friend, *E. R.* Sir, I am glad
 To see you once again, yet I am sad,
 And grieved sore, to see you look so ill,
 What evil, Sir, I pray, has you beset?
 What is the cause of this your present grief?
 If I can give, or help you to relief,
 Or comfort you i'th' least, I willing am,
 And shall rejoice, for which I hither came.

GENT.

Ah, Sir! my son, my heir, doth grieve my mind,
 From whom I once more comfort hop'd to find;
 And I'm afraid he'll prove a plague to me,
 Unless he can with speed recovered be.
 He'll be a preacher, I do think, ere long,
 He's such a bookish fool, and so head-strong,
 That I have little hopes he'll e'er be good,
 Here's cause of grief, if rightly understood!
 He is become so vile an *Heretick*,
 That *Rome's* good Church, and the true Catholick,
 Most vilely, I perceive, he doth disdain,
 And doth, forsooth, tell me he's born again.
 I do beseech you, Sir, do what you can,
 If you can't change his mind, there's not a man
 I think, in truth, that ever will prevail;
 O arm yourself therefore, and him assail:
 If you can turn him from these ways, then I
 Shall be engag'd to you until I die.
 You were deceived yourself some time ago,
 And therefore now more able are to show

The vanity of these devised ways,
 And bookish fables of these silly days.
 Having the scripture in our mother tongue,
 Has been the ruin of us all along;
 For since men did our Holy Church forsake,
 And up new notions for religion take,
 Nought but confusion in the world we see,
 And otherwise, in truth, 'twill never be,
 Until their books i'th' fire all do burn,
 And they unto the ancient Church do turn.

APOSTATE.

I am, good Sir, of that opinion too,
 And sorry am to hear what now you do
 Relate to me, and will also, in truth,
 Do what I can to turn that silly youth;
 For I can shew, and make him understand,
 The danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
 The hopes of unseen things will him deceive,
 A faith's but a mere fancy; I believe
 That's the chief good which man doth here enjoy,
 And that's the evil which doth him annoy,
 Or doth deprive him of his joy and bliss,
 None but *Phanaticks* will deny me this;
 Who boast of that they never did possess;
 They lie, alas! and are, in truth, no less
 Than frantick fools, for I I could never see
 Of what they speak, there's any certainty:
 I will therefore endeavour, out of love,
 Your son from these delusions to remove;
 And since I do perceive he's near at hand,
 I'll take my leave,

Your Servant at Command.

THE PROLOGUE.

ATTEND, kind friend, read with a serious eye,
And thou shalt a sharp conflict soon espy,
Between a man quite void of godly fear,
And a dear youth, most holy and sincere.
The one affirms all godliness is vain,
The other counts it for the greatest gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou shalt see
What's best to chuse, Grace or Iniquity.

APOSTATE.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come?

PROFESSOR.

I am a stranger, and am trav'ling home.

APOSTATE.

Can you a stranger in this country be?

PROFESSOR.

Yea, as were all our fathers formerly.

APOSTATE.

But from whence came ye? Let's confer together.

PROFESSOR.

From *Egypt*, Sir.

APOSTATE.

I am a trav'ling thither.

APOSTATE.

What is your business, Sir, that thus in pain
You strive against the wind with might and main?
Ere farther you do go, sit down, account,
See whether that you run for, will surmount
The labour great, and loss you will sustain,
Before the prize, in truth, ye do obtain.

What

What place is it to which you think to go,
That to advise you I may fully know?
For good instruction to you I'll afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

PROFESSOR.

I am for *Canaan*, that most holy land,
I'll travel thither as God doth command;
Whose worth and value I do know full well,
For riches it doth all things far excel:
And though all things I lose ere I come there,
'Twill all my losses, I am sure, repair:
The worth of that, therefore, for which I run,
I did account before I first begun.

APOSTATE.

Know you of certain the place is so rare,
You may mistake, for you were never there?

PROFESSOR.

Ah, Sir! of it I have a glorious sight,
Which doth my soul transcendently delight;
Although in person there I ne'er have been,
Yet I, most plain, sweet *Canaan* oft have seen;
Besides, I lately spoke with a dear friend,
Who did the other day from thence descend,
And unto me its glory he did show,
Its precious worth; from him I came to know:
Some of his fruits also to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I possession have.

APOSTATE.

Is't not the fancy of thy crazy head,
To have likewise of such a *Canaan* read;
It may be so, or so it may not be,
It ne'er seem'd real truly unto me.
Who would, for things which so uncertain are,
Such losses suffer, and such labour bear?

A bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' lush, ye know,
This zeal, poor lad, will work thy overthrow.

PROFESSOR.

You vainly talk, and live by sight and sense,
I walk by Faith, which is the evidence
Of things not seen here with an outward eye,
What thou seest not, I clearly do espy.
'Tis not the fancy of a crazy brain,
For *Moses*, that it's glory he might gain,
All *Egypt's* treasures quickly did forego,
Was that the way unto his overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the way
To Peace and Honour in another day.
True Peace of Conscience, that, thro' Grace, I have,
Which passeth all men's knowledge to conceive;
I would not be depriv'd of it again,
If that I might ten thousand worlds obtain.

APOSTATE.

Tush, silly fool, kick Conscience quite away,
Ne'er mind his motions, nor what he doth say;
I stifled him, and that a good while since,
And took revenge for his proud insolence.
His gasping groans I no ways did regard,
But let my heart against him grow so hard,
That I do judge I have his business done;
He's dead in truth, and to dark silence gone;
That now I can, without the least controul,
Have any pleasures, that delight my soul.

PROFESSOR.

Ah, Sir! go on, if that's the choice you make,
I never will such cursed counsel take;
Whoever doth his Conscience so abuse,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner use.
And tho', in you, poor Conscience now lies slain,
I'th Judgment-day he will revive again;

And then against you his sad witness bear,
And in your face most ghastfully will stare,
You'll have the worst at last, I grieve to see
You hardened thus in your iniquity.

APOSTATE.

My sorrow's gone, but thine, alas ! will double,
Concerning me, thyself do thou not trouble ;
The storms and blust'ring winds are overpast,
And very safe I am arriv'd at last.
In that same port where Princes do delight,
For to repose and harbour day and night ;
Toss'd I have been upon the boistrous seas,
And, till of late, ne'er could find rest nor ease ;
But now I'm safely landed, and with good
Shall satisfied be, whilst thou art toss'd i'th' flood.
Thou shalt poor youth with dreadful storms be hurl'd,
Whilst I shall find a very quiet world.
All thy best days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into sad gulphs of woeful misery :
Unless thou dost recant, and stop thy course,
Thou'lt see things with thee will go worse and worse ;
Those fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
Ere long they shall but little comfort find.

YOUTH.

Sir, storms and tempests do, I know attend
Those who resolve poor Conscience to befriend :
Paul's portion 'twas, who, from his very youth,
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the Truth ;
He met with blust'ring winds, was toss'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* most devout ;
Till he at last the glorious voyage made,
Getting the crown which ne'er away shall fade :
All those that sail'd this way, have, all along,
Met with great opposition, and much wrong,
From pirates, spoilers, and usurpers, who
Contrived have the righteous to undo. This

This terrifies me not, because that I
 Know 'tis the way to true felicity.
 'The gold and precious things the merchant gains,
 Do quit his cost, and recompence his pains;
 The riches which he brings at his return,
 Makes him great dangers oftentimes to run,
 So hopes of joys, the which *Cælestia* are,
 Makes me no labour, nor no cost to spare;
 You are for present things, I farther see,
 You are for earth, but Heaven is for me.
 You are for pleasures, and for bags of gold,
 I am for that which *Moses* did behold.
 You are for ease, whatever it doth cost,
 And honours here, though foul for it be lost.
 Who makes the wisest choice, let him declare?
 Let Death and Judgment shew who wise men are,
 My purpose I'll pursue, whate'er I meet,
 My portion's great, my peace no counterfeit.
 Heaven's my port, there's such a place I'm sure,
 Nought shall entice me, nor my soul allure
 To loose my hold, I'll keep firm in my station,
 Though in my way I meet with tribulation.
 Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,
 No Men, nor Devils ever shall deprive
 My soul, of that eternal dwelling-place,
 Such confidence I have obtain'd through grace.

APOSTATE.

If I should grant things which so doubtful are,
 That there's a *Conaan*, or a Heaven, where
 Sweet joys abound, beyond what's here below,
 Yet hard it is for any man to know
 The ready way, unto that seeming place,
 Consider this, Oh! 'tis a weighty case!
 For there so many ways and voices be,
 How thou should'st find the right I do not see:

Thou art a stranger too, thou said'st be plain,
Come, come, young man, turn with me back again.

YOUTH.

Nothing, dear Sir, more certain is, than this,
That there's a Heaven, or Eternal Bliss.
The Heathens could, by nature's light, espy
Man's chiefest good, or best felicity,
Must needs excel the high'st enjoyments here,
And shall this doubtful unto those appear,
Who have God's works most dreadfully made known,
Yea, and his word, which very few, or none
Who live in any land, the like have had?
Shall such turn Atheists? this is very sad.
Is not *Jehovah* every where made known
By fearful judgments, which are daily shown?
And why, think you, I can't the true way find,
Seeing, in writing, Christ has left his mind
In plain characters, which, whilst I observe,
I, from the truth, am sure no ways to swerve?
He came from thence himself the other day,
And gave directions how to find the way.
This writing's firm, 'tis signed with his blood,
That the Old Dragon, with his mighty flood
Of Superstition, and persecuting fire,
Could not it spoil, nor gain his curs'd desire.
The Holy Scripture God to us hath given,
To guide our souls in the right way to Heaven.
Though Satan has made opposition strong,
Yet still we have it in our mother tongue;
And by this means, most plain, I came to know,
The very footsteps where the flock did go.

APOSTATE.

Tho' you of Scripture seem to make your boast,
Your hopes of this will suddenly be lost;

K

For

For you arn't like the Scriptures long to have,
 Your souls and others thus for to deceive;
 For Holy Church once more it will destroy
 This *English* God, which they seem to enjoy.
 Thou art unlearn'd, the Scripture dost not know,
 But wresteth them unto thy overthrow.

YOUTH.

They are unlearn'd, whom God has never taught,
 But have in *Papish* darkness up been brought.
 They are unlearn'd, who never had the spirit,
 Who think they can by works salvation merit.
 They are unlearn'd, who foolishly deny
 The Spirit's Teachings and Authority,
 For to excell all humane arts and science,
 And on man's teaching wholly have reliance.
 They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
 That teach Christ Jesus is a piece of bread,
 Which rats and mice may eat, and vomit up,
 And do deny the laity the cup.
 For those for whom Christ did his body brake,
 He of the cup did bid them all partake.
 They are unlearn'd, who think that purgatory,
 Can be ought else than a mere feigned story.
 They are unlearn'd, whose doctrine doth declare,
 The Church two heads doth on its shoulders bear.
 That woman which hath any husband more
 Than only one, is a notorious whore.
 That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
 The A, B, C, of the true Christian Faith.
 That man, I grant, is wholly yet unlearn'd,
 Who never knew himself, nor yet discern'd
 The cursed nature of his heinous sin,
 Nor what estate, by nature, he is in.
 That man's unlearn'd, who never went to school,
 To learn of Christ how to become a fool.

That

That man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very sot,
 Who hath his soul and Jesus Christ forgot,
 And doth esteem earth's empty vanity,
 Above that good, which saints in God espy.
 I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
 To crucify the flesh, yea, and to bow
 To Jesus Christ, and for his precious sake,
 His yoke and burthen willingly do take,
 And follow him wherever he doth go,
 And him alone, determine for to know,
 Who, for my sake, upon the Cross did die,
 Him I have learn'd alone to magnify,
 And to exalt Him, as He's Priest and King,
 And as my Prophet, too, in ev'ry thing.
 And this, through Grace, I learned have of late,
 To be content, whatever be my state.
 Some things, I must confess, I ne'er cou'd learn,
 Nor anyways perceive, see, or discern:
 I never read of *Peter's* triple crown,
 Nor that he ever wore a *Popish* gown.
 I never learn'd that he did *Pope* become,
 Or rule o'er Kings like to the *Beast* at *Rome*.
 I never learnt that he kept concubines,
 Or ever power had to pardon sins.
 I never learn'd he granted dispensations
 To poison Kings, or Rulers of those Nations,
 Who were prophane, or turned *Hereticks*,
 Or did refuse the Faith of *Catholicks*.
 I never learn'd he was the Church's head,
 Or did forbid the clergy for to wed.
 I never read that he had chests of gold,
 Or that great benefits by him were sold.
 I never read he's call'd *His Holiness*,
 Yet had as much as any *Pope*, I guess.
 I never learn'd *Peter* did magnify
 Himself above all Gods, or Gods on high;

Or that upon the necks of Kings he trod,
Or ever he, in cloth of gold was clad.
I never read that he made laws to burn
Such as were *Hereticks*, or would not turn
To Jesus Christ, much less to murder those
Who did, in Truth, Idolatry oppose.
I never learn'd, nor could, unto this day,
That *Pope* and *Peter* both walk'd in one way,
Yea, or that they in any thing accord,
Save, only, in denying of the Lord.
In that they also greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear;
The *Pope* denies him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all those that do him love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain,
The *Pope* denies him with the great'st disdain.
Peter deny'd him, yet for him did die;
The *Pope*, in malice, him doth crucify.
Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented,
The *Pope* a thousand times, but ne'er relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty scholars were,
Yet few, for knowledge, might with them compare.
Poor fishermen do find the way to Heaven,
When scholars go astray, who hearts have seven.
The learned school-men put our Lord to death,
And very few of such Christ called hath.
But poor despised persons he doth call,
And passeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
For human learning, and such kind of preaching,
Is nothing to the blessed Spirit's teaching.
I learning like, and grant that men may use it,
Yet would I not have them for to abuse it.

APOSTATE.

Leave off these canting strains, and don't deride
 Our Holy Father, for I can't abide
 To hear such prating fools. Are ye so wise?
 Dare you the Holy Mother-Church despise?
 'Tis that religion I like best of all,
 The *Pope* I do adore, and *Cardinal*.
 There's pomp and riches, and a worldly glory;
 What you talk of is an unpleasant story.
 There's pleasure, profit, safety, and much ease,
 Which doth the flesh, as well as spirit, please.
 Here's Heav'n and Earth, what canst thou more desire,
 Or of thy God, or any man require?
 Thy way thou'st lost, and *Canaan* wilt not see,
 Therefore, with speed, turn back again with me.

PROFESSOR.

Could I no other reason give, or urge
 To prove *Rome's* Church untrue, I can't but judge
 This, which you speak, doth plainly it declare,
 For in Christ's Church no such vain pomps appear.
 No worldly glory doth Christ's Church adorn,
 For she's afflicted, much despis'd and torn.
 Her beauty can't with outward eyes be seen,
 Her beauty and her glory are within.
 When *John* sets forth the Antichristian state,
 Much outward pomp, 'tis true, he doth relate.
 The whore is deck'd with *gold*, brave *stones* and *pearl*,
 Who, at poor *Zion* do with envy snarl.
 No liberty to th' flesh the Lord doth give,
 Saints must alone after the spirit live.
 No serving God and Mammon, Sir, 'tis plain,
 To Hell you go, except you're born again.
 If you'll be Christ's, with speed then turn you must,
 To crucify the flesh, with all its lust.
 No cause have I to fear of going astray,
 Whilst I walk daily in the narrow way.

All those who do God's holy word contemn,
 No light nor truth is there at all in them.
 Their feet on the dark mountains soon will fall,
 And utter ruin will o'ertake them all.
 I do not fear, nor have I any doubt,
 But I shall find this blessed *Canaan* out.
 To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
 The thoughts of it my soul doth much disdain.
 Dost think I'll leave my *Quails*, and *Manna* rare,
 For stinking *Garlick*, and base *Onions* there?

APOSTATE.

For all your courage, Sir, I do suppose
 You will repent that ever you have chose
 To leave the comforts of a precious world,
 And with sound zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
 You are a man that might advanced be,
 Unto great honour, state and dignity.
 Your father's master of a good estate,
 And you, too, are his heir, I hear of late:
 And if you don't this new religion leave,
 One groat of him you are not like to have.

PROFESSOR.

This world, in a just balance, oft I try,
 And find it lighter far than vanity.
 Riches, alas! they are but bags of cares,
 And honour's nought, save soul-bewitching snares.
 Your outward joy will turned be to sadness,
 Your pleasure into pain, your wisdom madness.
 You catch at nothing, 'tis at best a bubble,
 Which long you cannot keep, although you double
 Your diligence, and think to hold it fast,
 'Twill fly with speed; 'tis but an empty blast.
 What frantick fit is this? Will you destroy
 Your higher hopes, for such a fancy'd joy?
 This world's the strumpet, like of whom I've read,
 Who with sweet fumes enticeth to her bed, With

With amorous glances promises a bliss,
And hides destruction with a feigned kiss.
She has her tricks, and her ensnaring wiles,
But lodgeth Death under deceitful smiles.
She hugs the soul she hates, yea, and doth prove
A very *Judas*, where she feigns to love.
'Take heed, therefore, lest you be catch'd i'th' snare,
And buy your late repentance much too dear.
These comforts here, which you do precious call,
Each wise man sees they're vain, and flitting all.
To think I should repent, no cause is there,
If things by you rightly consider'd were.
What *Moses* chose of old, the same do I,
All vain allurements I do quite defy.
I knew, when first my journey I did take,
I must my father's house learn to forsake.
In *Abraham's* steps I am resolv'd to go,
Whatever I exposed am unto.
Whate'er I lose, Christ will make up to me,
When I, of *Canaan*, shall possessed be.
I seek no honour here from any one,
True honour comes, dear Sir, from God alone.
To be an heir unto a great estate,
Or son unto some earthly potentate,
Is nought, to what, by grace, I'm born unto,
My portion's great, I know not how to show.
I'm heir unto that mighty King of Heaven,
To me, ere long, sweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do resolve to hold out to the end,
Although I han't one groat, nor earthly friend
To favour me, I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have won.

APOSTATE.

What ground have you, my friend, for to believe,
If you forsake all things, you shall receive

This

This land you speak of for your own possession?
 Unto your heart 'tis good to put this question;
 For divers, unto great things lay claim,
 Yet some, oft-times I see, and sure I am
 Unto such lands can no good title show,
 Although they strive for them, as you may do.
 If you should sell whate'er you have for this,
 And yet, at last, should also of it miss,
 You'll see yourself, at length, then quite undone,
 Consider of't, and back with me return.
 For no good title of it can be had,
 'Twas this, alas! which once did make me sad,
 To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
 Unless of this I could assured be.

PROFESSOR.

Don't think you shall my zeal for Heaven cool,
 Nor my dear soul with fancies thus befool.
 Rouse up, my soul, now, in thy own defence,
 And shew thy clear, thy precious evidence.
 Can any thing be plainer here on earth,
 'Twas purchas'd for me by Christ Jesu's death.
 The Father doth this kingdom own, and he
 For his own child has late adopted me;
 And if a child, I also am an heir,
 And shall with Jesus this like glory share.

APOSTATE.

How do you know you be his child? in this
 You may mistake, and so may *Canaan* miss.

PROFESSOR.

My late conversion doth most plainly prove,
 My inward birth is truly from above.
 The Truth and Conscience both agree in one,
 I am, thro' grace, no bastard, but a son.
 Those whom God doth by his own spirit lead,
 They are his sons, you in the Scripture read.

Besides,

Besides all this, since I did first believe,
 An earnest of this land I did receive.
 And divers promises also there be,
 Which bind it firmly over unto me.
 Is not my title unto Heaven good,
 When sign'd and seal'd to me by Christ his blood?
 You see by these I have a certain ground,
 And good assurance for God's kingdom found.
 But you, as it appears, do quite despair,
 Without all hopes of ever coming there.

APOSTATE.

Nay, stay a little, don't affirm that neither,
 Why may not I, as soon as you, get thither?
 Though in that way in which I late did walk,
 I was deceiv'd with many other folk,
 And thought that Heaven was intail'd to those,
 Who did the *Pope* and Church of *Rome* oppose;
 Thinking a man a separate must be
 From that same Church, or else could never see,
 Find, nor enjoy eternal peace and rest,
 And therefore I, like others, did protest
 Against that ancient Mother-Church, whom now
 I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
 Down unto her, with all humble subjection,
 Thinking 'tis best for safety and protection;
 Resolving never more to vex my mind
 As I have done, for I shall sooner find,
 In this smooth way, assurance for salvation,
 Than if I had kept in my former station.
 Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know,
 The Church affirms we can attain unto.
 But promises most clear are made to those
 Who seek for the old way, and with it close.
 And that *Rome's* Church can plead antiquity,
 No *Protestant*, I'm sure, can it deny;

Yea,

Yea, and must grant whatever's their profession,
 'That none but *Rome* can prove their true succession,
 From these brave Churches, which first planted were
 By the Apostles, as the Acts declare;
 And therefore, Youth, you must no longer boast
 Of Faith and Confidence, for you have lost
 Your way to Heaven, and must therefore look
 Upon that Church which long has been forsook.
 From the true Church to rend and schismatize,
 Is a sad thing, though many it despise:
 For though corruption in the Church there be,
 Yet all should walk in uniformity.

PROFESSOR.

Sir, I deny your Church's constitution,
 Which makes me loath you, and for your pollution,
 Corruption and vile spots, they are so bad,
 No Church of Christ the like hath ever had;
 Which I resolve fully to make appear,
 Before I'll leave you, if you please to hear.

APOSTATE.

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd, that's most clear,
 Saint *Paul* himself doth this to witness bear.
 Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
 And were baptized in due form, 'tis known.
 No Church in constitution right hath been,
 If that our Church doth i'th' least fail herein.

PROFESSOR.

Rome's Church, I grant, was true i'th' Apostles' days,
 But your's, from that, doth differ many ways.
Rome's Church was very famous heretofore,
 But is become the scarlet-colour'd whore.
 From the true faith she hath departed quite,
 And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight
 Into the dark and howling wilderness,
 Where she lay hid, in sore and great distress.

From

From the vile beast and dragon's furious rage,
And so remain'd until this latter age.
If *Rome's* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the *Romanists* we all would hold;
But when she is become Christ's enemy,
God, out of Babylon, doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Rome's* Church hath not declin'd
From that Church-state by *Paul* himself defin'd,
Then you will undertake for to do more
Than any *Papist* ever did before.
The *Jewish* Church God once did own and love,
But for their sins he did it quite remove
Out of their sight, they're broken for their sin,
With other Churches that have famous been,
And yet do keep some outward form and show
Of worship, and Church-state, as *Rome* may do.
Who has, in truth, nought left save a bare name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of fame.
If you should bring your visibility,
To prove your Church is true, I do reply,
A better argument I need not bring,
To prove you false, than that same very thing;
For the true Church being hid, did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.
And then, whereas you in the second place,
Mention antiquity, 'tis a clear case,
Your Church is under age, yea, much too young,
Out of the apostacy, alas! she sprung.
A bastard Church, base born, mere national,
And therefore that's for you no proof all.
The fleshly seed i'th' Church must not be brought,
John Baptist and our *Saviour* both so taught.
Christ's Church is gather'd by regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former dispensation.
You, in a lineal way, do go about,
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.

The

The axe is now laid to the root o'th' tree,
And every one true penitent must be,
And must obtain of God true saving grace,
Who in his holy Church would have a place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church, and its antiquity.
The Church which is upheld by th' carnal sword,
And not by th' power of God's holy word,
Is very false. And that *Rome's* Church is so,
Not a few worthy authors plainly show.
And whereas she much boasts of holiness,
No people, doubtless, in the world have less;
For *Rome*, like to a stinking common-shore,
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o'th' door:
She's like a cage of ev'ry hateful bird,
And is recorded in God's sacred word.
The counsel which an ancient author gave,
Let ev'ry soul with special care receive
*He that would holy live, from Rome be packing,
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.*
She also doth doctrines of Devils hold,
According as th' Apostles have foretold,
In charging people to abstain from meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat;
And in denying persons for to wed,
Though God admits the undefiled bed.
By means of these most cursed prohibitions,
Your *Clergy* stinks alive with gross pollutions;
And many of your filthy *Popes* of *Rome*
Have *Sodomites* and *Buggerers* become.
Whoredom and incense they have ming'd so small,
As scarce to count them any sin at all.
Most cursed stews allowed are by them,
Whom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th' least condemn.
Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,
Haters of God, no sin in truth, is there,

But

But some o'th' *Popes* of it have guilty been,
 As may, upon record, be clearly seen.
 Is this your *Holy Head*, and *Rev'rend Father*,
 Next unto *Christ* supreme? Is he not, rather
 A Devil incarnate, the worst of mankind?
 Who can 'in hell a viler sinner find?
 Is *Rome Christ's Church*, *Christ's spouse*, his only love,
 His undefiled one, and spotless dove?
 Sir, don't mistake, she is that *scarlet whore*,
 Whom *John* characterized heretofore,
 Which I shall full evince, and make appear,
 If you with patience will but lend an ear.

APOSTATE.

I find you in reproaches free enough,
 But shall expect you so too in your proof.
 Those common epithets of *beast* and *whore*,
 Are daily flung at ev'ry body's door.
 But for to warrant your severer doom,
 Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

PROFESSOR.

That truth God's sacred word doth well explain,
 That city which o'er Kings of th' earth did reign,
 Was that same *whore*, the spirit clear doth show,
 And that *Rome* was that city, all men know;
 Who then above all others bore the sway?
 'Twas *Rome* the nations fear'd and did obey.
 And still you *Papists* to her Bishops gave
 Headship o'er all who on the earth do live.
 Before him Kings and Emp'ors mult submit,
 That so he may the Mighty Monarch sit;
 Whilst absolute pow'r he claims, and sov'reignty,
 Above all Princes, by his tyranny.
 From whence all persons may conclude it true,
 By their first mark the title is his due.

The second character of *Babylon*,
 Is pomp and state, wherein is proudly shown;
 That *Rome* has been a rich gay costly whore,
England once found, I wish she may no more.
 Infinite sums she almost squeez'd from hence,
 For pardons, obijts, annates, *Peter-pence*.
 And thro' each land where she her triumph led,
 Whole swarms of locusts, *Priests* and *Friars*, were
 spread.

These, as the *Janissaries* to the *Turk*,
 Were faithful slaves for to promote her work.
 Whilst, to maintain those drones, she swept away
 The fat and wealth of nations for their prey.
 In the third place, *she doth men's soul enslave*;
 This mark, in *Rome*, most evident we have.
 With dangerous vows and unwarra'ted traditions,
 Implicit faith, and thousand superstitions,
 Pretended miracles, apparent lies,
 Damnable errors, and fond fopperies.
 She clogs the Conscience, and, to make all well,
 Boasts all her dictates are infallible.
 And then, to fill her measure, i'th' last place,
 'Tis said, *she would God's precious Zion raze*.
 This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
 That drunken whore who reels in martyr's blood,
 As I more largely now shall make appear,
 And then, with patience, your excuses hear.
 Within the compass of six thousand years,
 Has been presented to the eyes and ears
 Of future ages, the most sad contents
 Of bloody tragedies, the dire events
 Of dreadful wars, in several generations,
 The overthrow of many fruitful nations.
 But all comes short of *Rome's* most bloody bill,
 Which doth the earth with sanguine volumes fill.
Jerusalem, that city of renown,
 Sack'd by *Ves'asian*, burnt and broken down.

It was, indeed, a dreadful desolation,
 And so have conquerors dealt with many a nation.
 All conq'rors ever found a time to cease,
 When once they conquer'd then they were at peace.
 They murder'd not, but such as would not yield
 To own them for their Lord, and in the field
 They slew them too, with weapons in their hand,
 For their defence, and always ready stand,
 To give quarter to those that it demand,
 But this vile strumpet's blood-bedabbled hands,
 Finds not a period, never countermands,
 Her cruel rage, her murders know no end,
 She slaughters, when she pity doth pretend.
 Tears terminate not her blood-thirsty acts,
 She slays without examining their facts.
 In times of peace her treach'rous hands have shed
 Blood without measure; she hath murdered,
 By cursed massacres, her neighbours, when
 They thought themselves the most secure of men.
 One might fill volumes with her bloody story,
 In which she still persists; makes it her glory
 T' invent strange torments to deprive the breath
 Of *Christians*, by a tedious ling'ring death.
 The brutish *Nero*, first of Tyrant-kings,
 From whose base root nine other tyrants springs,
 Whose most inhuman acts, not to their glory,
 Did leave the world a lamentable story;
 And, to their lasting and eternal shame,
 Did purchase to themselves that hateful name
 Of *bloody monsters*, in the shape of men,
 Whose cruel acts deserve an iron pen,
 That might perpetuate to after-times
 These Heathens cruelty, record the crimes
 For which those *Christians* willingly laid down
 Their earthly houses for a Heav'nly crown.

Reflect a while, Sir, and but cast your eye,
First on those Heathen Emp'rors cruelty.
Then view the bloody Papist, and compare
Their cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypt's* darkness did exceed our light,
Or midnight differs from the morning-light,
So far the Papist's cruelty doth exceed
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worst of Tyrants since the world began,
Or since dissention fell twix't man and man.
If *Cyprian* and *Eusebius's* words be true,
These persecuting Emp'rors yearly slew
Millions of souls, shedding their guiltless blood,
Which ran like waters from a mighty flood.
So void their hearts were of all human pity,
They spar'd no age, nor sex, nor town, nor city.
The things wherein these Christians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuse to bend
Their Heaven-devoted knees, or fall before
Those Idol-gods these Emp'rors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heav'nly King.
Their Emp'rors Gods these Christians did deride,
This was the cause so many millions died.
These Emp'rors thinking themselves engag'd,
Their Idol to revenge, grew more enrag'd
To see the Christians boldly to despise
Their gods, and honour Christ before their eyes.
They did conclude the nature of th' offence,
Deserv'd no less than Death for recompence.
Thus may we plainly see, a reason why,
These Heathen Emp'rors us'd such cruelty.
'Twas not because they worship'd not aright,
But worship'd not all, nay, did despise

Unto those Idols, which they gods did call,
Affirming that they were no gods at all.
An act not to be born by flesh and blood,
To have the edicts of their gods withstood.
Yet, in the midst of all those tyrants rage,
Serious advice a little would assuage,
Their hellish fury, and would sometime cease,
And give the Christians a breathing space;
And when as those ten Emp'rors ceas'd to be,
Then terminated all their cruelty.
Three hundred years accomplish'd their fierce wrath,
And then the Heathens own'd the Christian Faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heav'n and Earth, as they before
Had done their idols, and zealous for the Church,
Give great donations, make their bishops rich.
And now, proud *Rome*, since *Constantine* the Great,
Thou, by degrees, hast taken up thy seat.
Pust up with riches, swoln with filthy pride,
From God's pure laws has quickly turn'd aside.
As God doth hate, and utterly refuse,
And now such bishops only dost thou chuse;
Proud, sensual, and void o'th' Holy Spirit,
Such as the Lord hath said shall not inherit
Eternal glory; such thy bishops be,
Who should be fill'd with truth and purity.
Shining like lights before the flock that they
The better might discern the perfect way.
But now, instead of such as these, behold
They are presumptuous, proud, imperious, bold,
Changing the worship that the Lord makes known,
And in its stead will introduce their own.
Yea, so presumptuous are they in their pride,
As to affirm God's holy word's no guide
For men to walk by; the only rule that they
Do counsel men, nay, force them to obey,

Is their traditions, which they affirm to be
Far more authentick than our Lord's decree.
Within his holy word he hath us given,
For a sure light to guide our steps to Heaven,
And now these Christians whose most tender heart
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From God's directions, which in his bless'd word
He hath so plainly left upon record.

These are the men this wicked strumpet hath
So often made the objects of her wrath;
Making the earth to drink the guiltless blood
Of such, as for God's holy word have stood.
Oh! let the blood-drunk earth ne'er cease to cry
Unto the Heaven enthron'd Majesty,
Till God take vengeance, as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred word
Is the most perfect and the truest guide,
The rule by which all doctrines should be try'd.
Our blessed Lord bids search them, for, saith he,
They are the words that testify of me.

Lo! here's the cause, behold the reason why
The *Whore* has acted so much cruelty.

Inhumane murders doth this *Whore* invent,
Whereby she daily slays the innocent.

The numbers she hath murder'd do surmount
The strictest of Arithmetick's account.

What country hath not tasted of the cup,
That her most bloody hands have filled up?

How hath she stir'd up nations to engage
Against each other, to satisfy her rage?

Where millions have been brought unto the dust,
Only to satisfy the strumpet's lust;

That she the better might engross the power
Of Hell into her hands, and so devour

At her blood-thirsty pleasure, such as she
 Could not persuade to love idolatry.
 Perfidious *France*, whose most inhuman wrath
 Passing the limits of a Christian faith,
 Within the space of eight and twenty days,
 Thy bloody hands most treacherously betrays,
 Ten thousand souls, and to that bloody score
 Adds quickly after twenty thousand more.
 How many murders more that Popish nation
 Have done, the *Romish* Hist'ries make relation;
 And yet from cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
 But, as her years, her murders have increas'd,
 And swoln to bigger numbers, in less space,
 As *Bellarmino* affirmeth to her face;
 Who thus attests, that from the morning light,
 Until the sable curtains of the night
 Were closely drawn, her bloody hands did slay
 An hundred thousand souls; Oh! let that day
 In characters of blood recorded be,
 That may remain unto eternity.
 O let the earth, that drinketh in the rain,
 That did receive the blood of all the slain;
 Let both the Heavens and the Earth implore
 The God of Heaven to confound the *Whores*.
 O poor *Bobemia*, thou hast had a taste,
 When wicked *Julian* laid thy country waste;
 Burning thy towns and villages with fire,
 Sparing not young, nor old, nor son, nor fire.
 What multitudes numbered were thy slain,
 Which in the field unburied did remain!
 Thou found'st the *wolfish* Popes in ev'ry age,
 Contrive thy ruin, many times engage
 Thy neighbour nations to shed forth thy blood,
 Only *Bobemia* faithful stood
 For God's pure worship; Martin the Sixth excites
Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and Knights,
 With

With one consent to fall upon that nation,
On no less terms than on their own salvation;
Promising also, upon that condition,
To give a full and absolute remission
Unto the vilest sinner that e'er stood
Upon the earth, that would but shed the blood
Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!
Not to be parallel'd in any age,
Except that monster, who did sore rebuke
The over-charitable Popish Duke
Of *De Alva*; and would you know his crime,
Because that he, in six years time,
Through too much lenity, caus'd not the earth
To drink more Christian blood than issued forth
From eighteen thousand souls; for this the Duke
Was thought, by *Papists*, worthy of rebuke.
Is eighteen thousand, in six years, so few,
In the account of your blood-thirsty crew,
Inhumanly to murder? yea, indeed,
Because their former numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva's* bloody bill
Come short in numbers, yet his hands did fill
It up with torments, so dreadful to rehearse,
As that the thought thereof would pierce
A marble heart, make infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over-little still,
His predecessors added to the bill;
For from the time that hellish inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive commission,
As well approved hist'ry doth relate,
Till thirty years expired, had their date,
By cruel torments, which they still retain,
There was one hundred fifty thousand slain;
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for some time did make each day a death;
Depriving

Depriving them, as far as in them lay,
Of all the joys that either night or day
Affords mankind ; for them there was not found
So much sun-light as to behold the ground
On which they stood ; each day that giveth light
Was unto them like *Egypt's* darkest night,
In hellish darkness thus they made them spend
Their weary hours, and kindly in the end
Destroyed them ; the company they had
Within those darksome caverns, was there sad
And melancholy thoughts, their sighs and groans
Their doleful lodgings were upon the stones,
If noisome creatures bred and foster'd there,
Those noisome creatures their companions were.
What food they eat was only to secure
Their souls alive, that so they might endure
The sev'ral torments that they did provide,
And so one hundred fifty thousand died,
Besides what died by persecuting hands,
Within the Pope's confines, in sev'ral lands.
Thus may I sooner spend my strength and tears,
And tire, if you regard, your eyes and ears.
Than give a full and absolute relation
Of all the acts of *Rome's* abomination.
Oh ! may my native country rather hear
Their bloody acts, than in the least part bear
Her burthen, or behold her murdering hand
Once more spread through the confines of our land.
But I perceive these truths are dully heard,
And that you little my discourse regard.

APOSTATE.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what tragedies
You make of lawful just severities.

The Martyrs you applaud were rebels too,
And still against authority would go ;
If then they suffer'd, pray who is to blame ?

PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR.

That I have shewn already, to their shame;
 And I would have my countrymen to take
 Another taste, that may preserve awake
 Their drowsy souls, who take a dying nap,
 Much like deluded Sampson on the lap
 Of lustful Delilah, whose treach'rous breath
 Sends forth the messenger of Sampson's death.
 Let not the strumpet's sugar'd-words persuade
 Thee to give credit to her, that's her trade,
 To promise fairest, when she doth intend
 Most false to deal; she doth betray her friend.
 Like wicked Cain, first of that sinful race,
 That slew his brother, smiling in his face.
 From the first time that e'er the hellish rage
 Of Jesuites appeared on the stage,
 To act their parts in England, France, and Spain,
 And Italy, her bloody hands hath slain
 Nine hundred thousand souls, or thereabout
 Ere many years have run their hours out.
 Of the Americans, by Popish Spain,
 In fifty years, was fifteen millions slain.
 The poor religious Waldenses, whose eye,
 Like the quick-sighted Vulture doth espy
 Rome's filthy whoredoms, readily disclaim
 Her vile idolatry, and hate the same;
 Drunk dreadful draughts of Rome's most bloody cup,
 Which she, with hell-bred fury poured up.
 And for no other cause, her bloody hands
 She stretch'd abroad with hell-enraged bands,
 Being sent abroad, forthwith to put to death
 Both young and old, each man that draweth breath;
 And yet, as if she had not been content
 To murder parents, with their innocent
 And harmless babes, as if their hellish breath
 Had now been spent with putting souls to death.

Fourscore sweet babes that never did offend,
Famish'd to death, their harmless lives did end.
Search, search into the deep abyss of hell,
And see if all the Devils can parallel
So vile an act: O most imperious treason
Against the King of Kings, and law of reason!
Are Papists Christians, and are these their acts
To punish such as ne'er committed facts?
Are those right actings, fitting gospel-times,
To lay on babes the weight of highest crimes?
Did Christ do thus, or hath he ever given
Them leave to deal so, with the heirs of Heaven.
Those murder'd souls under the Altar lie,
Crying, How long, Eternal Majesty,
How long wilt be, ere thou avenge thy Saints;
And lend thine ear unto their sad complaints.
These Waldenses being overcome and dead,
A little remnant that escaped fled,
Taught by Dame Nature's moral laws, to save
Their much-desired lives, within a cave
Did hide themselves, hoping, at last, that they,
Taking advantage of another day,
When golden Titan had laid down his head
Upon the pillows of the western bed,
And Proserpina, lady of the night,
Had drawn their sable curtains, then they might
Transport themselves into some other land;
And so escape out of the Hunter's hand;
But as the bounds that hunt the wearied hart
Do ply their steps; and never will depart
The fields and meadows, or the silent wood,
Till they surprize the beast; even so those blood-
Devouring monsters, having found the cave,
Most barb'rously did make that place their grave;
Wherein four hundred, yielding up their breath,
Were, in a barb'rous manner, choak'd to death.

*No Nation in the world hath ever seen
 A foe so dreadful as the whore hath been.
 It is far better to be overcome
 By Turk, or Heathen, than by Christian Rome.
 What part of Europe now can make their boast,
 And say they have not tasted, to their cost,
 Of Romish mercy? some are yet alive,
 Whose parents felt the death she did contrive.
 O Germany! thy poor distress'd estate
 Will speak to future ages, and relate
 Whole volumes of her bloody murthers, and
 The murther'd souls of bleeding Ireland
 Cry night and day for vengeance, and implore
 God's Heaven-enthroned Majesty e'ermore,
 To put a period to her Hellish power,
 That we may overtake her in an hour.
 Those dreadful murthers have the eyes and ears
 Of some now living heard, and seen the tears
 Of soul-afflicted parents, whose sad eyes
 Beheld their murther'd babes, and heard their cries;
 Their daughters ravish'd, and when that was done,
 Cruelly murther'd, and the hopeful son,
 By unheard torments, slain before their eyes,
 Whilst they beheld their children's miseries.
 Their children murther'd, and their wives defil'd,
 Whose bodies they ript up, being great with child;
 And all this while parents and husbands were
 Forc'd to behold what flesh and blood can't bear
 The bare relation: What Adamant heart
 Won't melt, when I those dreadful things impart?
 Ripping up child-great women was not all,
 For that, although inhuman, was but small,
 Compar'd with other torments they endur'd,
 Whose patience bore what could not else be cur'd.
 Tearing out bowels, boiling men alive;
 These deaths, and worse, these monsters did contrive.*

*We see how they have dealt with ev'ry nation,
And shall we think at last to find compassion?
The piteous cries of parents ne'er could move
Them to extend the smallest dram of love.
The tears that ran from dying infants eyes,
Like plenteous showers from the weeping skies;
Whose great abundance might have made a river,
Yea, all these floods of brinish tears could never
Enter a Papist's heart, so hard condens'd,
So void of pity, and all humane sense.
To hear the doleful shrieks and dying groans
Of poor distressed babes, who make their moans
To soul-afflicted parents, ere they part,
These are the things delight a Papist's heart.
To see the dying gasps, before the death
Of tortur'd souls, whose life-forsaken breath,
Had waited many a tedious hour past,
When their tormented souls should breathe their last,
Whose dolerous sighings penetrate the skies,
Those objects do delight a Papist's eyes.
And can we now, at last, expect to find
That *Rome's* grown merciful, and Papists kind?
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our serious thoughts upon late sixty six;
When *London* was consum'd, that famous city,
Its rulers do bespeak them void of pity.
By *Rome's* contrivance was fair *London* burn'd,
England's metropolis to ashes turn'd.
The merchants of their riches quite bereft,
To-day rich man, to-morrow nothing left.
Their wives and children harbourless became,
Their substance all consumed in the flame.
To-day this famous city's deck'd in gold,
To-morrow an amazement to behold.*

The doleful shrieks and lamentable cries,
The floods of tears that ran from weeping eyes,
As true resemblances did represent
The sorrows that our neighbours underwent.
And can we think that Hell-begotten rage,
That did provoke so many to engage
In such an act, far worse than th' powder-treason;
Can we suppose, if we consult with reason,
The fury of their hellish rage expir'd,
So soon as e'er that famous place was fir'd ?
No, no, good Sir, your pardon I presume,
'Thoie hell-enraged flames that did consume
So fair a city, in so short a space,
Hell gave those flames commission down to raze
Not *London* only, but ev'ry soul that hath
A heart resolved to maintain the faith
Of JESUS, protestants both great and small;
Rome hath determin'd their eternal fall:
And those more formal protestants, whose zeal
May secretly persuade them to conceal
Their seeming faith, and feignedly to close
With *Rome's* erroneous doctrine, and suppose
'Thereby to save their lives; let none believe
Such vain persuasions, many did deceive
Themselves; for *Rome*, that painted scarlet whore,
Will deal with them as she hath done before,
With such as hoped in the self-same kind,
To meet with mercy, but nought less did find.
Christ never gave unto his Church commission
For to make laws for grievous persecution;
No outward force were there i'th' least to use,
Much less poor innocents for to abuse.
But burning, starving, roasting on a spit,
And tauntingly to make a boast of it.

The Holy Saints and People of the Lord,
Their only weapons were God's sacred word.
With that bless'd sword they always overcome,
And did refute all Hereicks; but *Rome*
Makes use, ('tis plain) o'th' carnal sword and fire;
'Tis blood, 'tis blood this locust doth desire.
Death without mercy, acts of cruelty,
The matter must decide continually,
The way they use to turn a soul from error,
Is the most dreadful flesh-amazing terror
Of horrid racks, whereon a man must lie,
Tortur'd to death, dying, yet cannot die.
Strange kind of instruments, devis'd to tear
The flesh from off the bones, these sometimes were
Her friendly admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame.
What massacres hath she contriv'd by night,
When nature doth to rest each man invite!
When sleep has clos'd their eyes, no thoughts of harms
Did them possess, but in their folded arms
Their wives and children lay, with hopes that they
Through grace, might live to see another day.
Then came these murd'ring butchers, sent from hell,
Nothing but blood would their vile rage repel;
Laying dear babes and mothers in their gore,
Till all were dead they scorned to give o'er;
If these Church dealings will not bear contrition,
She can erect a cursed inquisition.
A dreadful place of cruelty and blood,
Whose torments scarcely can be understood;
A loathsome dungeon, and vile stinking cell,
A place of darkness, representing hell;
Where nothing is so plentiful as tears
And bitter sighs, and yet can find no ears

To hear their cries and lamentable moans,
Nor hearts to pity them for all their groans;
Where many tedious nights and days they spend,
Not knowing when their sufferings will have an end.
If such like arguments, Sir, will confute
A Heretick, the Papist may dispute
With all the world, nay, Heathen Rome could never
Come nigh a Papist with their best endeavour:
They scorn all Turks or Pagans (for contrivall
Of barb'rous cruelties) should be corrival;
For inhumanites they must defy,
And scorn that Cannibals should them come nigh.
A bloody Papist strives to counterfeit
The plagues of Hell, as far as man's conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent,
This is a Papist's knocking argument.
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the martyrs blood,
Which has run down like to a mighty flood.
Oh! it is *Rome* that is that scarlet whore,
Which thus doth hate and persecute the poor.
And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd
To serve the Lord with a most perfect mind,
According to the tenor of his word,
All such she strives to put unto the sword;
And suffer none to buy, nor sell, nor live,
But such as homage unto her would give.
Upon her head also St. *John* did see
Was writ the cursed name of blasphemy;
Setting herself on God's Imperial Throne;
Saying *I am, besides me there is none.*
I have the keys of Heaven in my hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my sole command:
I shut and open unto whom I please,
I torment give to some, to others ease.

Lo! thus God's sacred word doth point her forth,
This, this is she, there's none in all the earth,
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that presumptuous and blasphemous name,
As King of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but she,
Therefore *Rome's* Church must the vile strumpet be.

APOSTATE.

Sir, speak no more, forbear your stand'rous lies,
The Holy Church such murd'rous acts defies.
Do not believe all stories you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make these things appear.

PROFESSOR.

These things were not, Sir, in a corner done,
Besides, I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or standeth on your side,
Who, by just proof, ever these things deny'd!
For they, alas! notoriously are known,
And many Papists also them do own:
Besides, 'twas late some of these cruelties,
Murther and blood, and barb'rous tragedies,
Were done and acted; some alive now be,
Who with their eyes these villanies did see.
About the year, dear Sir, of fifty-five,
A dreadful massacre did *Rome* contrive,
Near unto *France*, i'th' Dukedom of *Savoy*,
Where *thirty thousand* souls she did destroy.
Who were commanded, without all delays,
Papists to turn, and that within three days;
Who for refusing, were then presently
Put unto death with barb'rous cruelty.

Some with sharp spears thrust thro' the privy parts,
 Whilst others stabbed were unto their hearts :
 Some babes they cut in pieces, others they roasted,
 And some upon the tops of spears they tossed ;
 Virgins were ravish'd, widows and wives,
 All barb'rously deprived of their lives ;
 Some were drove forth on bitter ice and snow,
 And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go.
 Thus were those souls brought into misery,
 See it at large in *Moreland's History*.
 Two hundred thousand Protestants, or more,
 Were massacred by this vile bloody whore
 In *Ireland* ; there's many now alive
 Who saw what kind of deaths they did contrive
 By which some of their dear relations then
 Were tortur'd by those most bloody men.
 How can you, Sir, these things i'th' least deny,
 Which are so obvious unto every eye.

APOSTATE.

Youth, 'tis the faith of Roman Catholics
 Thus far to deal with all vile Hereticks :
 Yet 'twas rebellion too, say what you will,
 For which the church did many thousands kill.
 To magistrates they disobedient were,
 And therefore they just punishment did bear.

PROFESSOR.

Peter and John, they rebels were also,
 By that same argument which use you do.
 To magistrates they did refuse to bend,
 Wherein they knew they should the Lord offend.

In

In civil things they always did submit,
And preach'd also, 'twas a thing most fit,
In things which unto man do appertain,
But Christ o'er Conscience ought alone to reign.
Ev'n so these martyrs bear an upright mind,
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all just things obedient for to be,
Yet did stand up for Christ his sov'reignty,
And were resolv'd in matters of their faith,
To worship God as Holy Scripture saith,
According to that light which he doth give,
Up unto which each soul on earth shall live.
And tho' your church doth put poor men to death,
'Twas from the Devil such curs'd laws came forth,
The tares with wheat shall grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the reapers for to send.
'That 'twas from Satan, I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody beast
His pow'r and feat, and his authority,
For to effect all cursed villalny.

APOSTATE.

They were some evil persons without doubt,
Who crept into the church, that work'd about.
Those murd'rous deeds the church did not allow,
But utterly against them doth avow.

PROFESSOR.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks and Friars you so call,
With fiery Jesuites, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous acts, these were the chief.

False

False pardons, bulls, and cursed dispensations
From bloody *Rome*, has ruin'd many nations.
You can't the world deceive, nor hoodwink more,
Times have discovered the scarlet whore.
We know how clearly now to bring our charge,
As I could shew, but that I can't enlarge.

APOSTATE.

I know not how farther, Sir, to excuse
The Holy Church, you put me in a muse;
But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth such cruelties defy and hate.

PROFESSOR.

Rome to a wolf may fitly be compar'd,
Who, whilst against his will, is quite debarr'd
From seeking of his prey, being tied in chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A *wolf* in nature, still, if ever he
At any rate can get his liberty
Doth straightway run, impatient of delay,
And cannot rest until he's got his prey.
So *Rome* seems kind and gentle, until she
Can find again an opportunity,
Which, with unwearied pains, and often trial,
She ever seeks, and hardly takes denial;
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay,
From shedding blood a minute of a day.

APOSTATE.

APOSTATE.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end.
'Tis out of love I speak to have you leave
Your evil errors, speedily to cleave
Unto that Church, who only can decide
All controversies, even to divide
The truth from error, light from darkness, so
That every one the ready way may go.
But you seem so resolved in your mind,
That little hopes alas! of you, I find.
But youth, consider once again, I pray,
The troubles of a now-approaching day;
For sore amazements will you overtake,
Unless you do your purposes forsake.
If once our Church the day obtains, be sure,
You Hereticks must down, and rise no more.
Let former strokes of justice take such place,
As for to move you wisely to embrace
That counsel, which in tender love I give,
That you in safety evermore may live;
Or you'll repent that ever you begun,
These dang'rous ways of Heresy to run.
'Tis a dark, doleful, dang'rous path you go,
Recant, therefore, as many others do.

PROFESSOR.

You may mistake, sometimes the waters flow,
Yet on a sudden I observe them low.
A *Haman* may maliciously devise
Poor *Mordecai*, and others to surprize;

Yet

Yet may his purposes meet with a blast,
 And he himself be hanged too at last.
 The flesh, with all its lusts, to mortify,
 Is hard to those that love iniquity.
 The way to Papists wholly is untrod;
 And unto all who haters are of God.
 The way seems dark to you, untrod; uneven;
 Hard 'tis to th' flesh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven.
 'Tis dark to you, because that you are blind,
 And can't God's purpose in dark footsteps find.
 I've a sure hand to lead my trampling paces,
 To 'scape the danger of those dang'rous spaces.
 I shall pass safe, by means of my best guide,
 Though thousands fall by me on ev'ry side.
 For to turn back would prove a doleful fault;
 I think upon the monument of salt.
 I am resolv'd a thousand deaths to die,
 Before I'll ever yield to Popery.

APOSTATE.

Thou art too strict, too righteous and precise,
 Thou slight'st such things which prudent men do
 prize;
 Thou may'st have Christ, pleasure and honours
 And saved be, without half this ado.
 There's very few, alas! are of your mind,
 Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

PROFESSOR.

You now condemn me for my holy life,
 Wherein, 'tis true, I meet with straits and strife;
 But

But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die;
You'll blame yourself, and me you'll justify.
Did ever any on a dying bed;
Lament that they were by God's Spirit led
To crucify their sins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jesus's sake?
If righteous ones, alas! scarce saved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care,
In holiness to walk, whate'er you say,
I from the paths of life will never stray.
The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and strait;
And leads me also through a thorny gate,
Whose scratching pricks are very sharp; and fell,
The way to Heav'n is by the gates of Hell.
Your way, 'tis true, seems very smooth and wide
Since you, from Christ, have lately turn'd aside.
My paths seem long, your's short and very fair,
Free from all rubs and snares, yet, Sir, beware;
The safest path is not always most even,
The way to Hell's like to a seeming Heaven.
Or shall the promis'd crown of endless life
Be judg'd a trifle, and not worth a strife?
'That which vain man accounts to be most rare;
Is not obtain'd, but with much cost and care;
Things of great worth on earth are got by pains,
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains.
And shall I then be startled with a frown,
When full assur'd of an eternal crown?
The strife which doth an holy life attend,
Will recompens'd be, I'm sure, i'th' end.
I will go on, since Jesus doth invite me,
His strength is mine, and nothing shall affright me.

APOSTATE.

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run
 In your strict ways, until you're quite undone;
 Yet hear a little what I have to speak,
 And you will find 'tis best for you to take
 The counsel which I give; for you'll espy
 Great ruins fall upon you suddenly,
 Your father will not own you for his son,
 If in this foolish strictness you'll go on;
 His face expect hereafter not to see,
 If this your purpose and your pleasure be.

PROFESSOR.

If father, mother, and dear brethren too,
 Forsake me quite; yet still I well do know
 My precious Saviour will my soul embrace,
 And I shall see sweet smiles from his dear face
 Myself, and my relations all, though dear,
 I do deny, such is the love I bear
 To my dear Lord, whose servant now am I,
 And do resolve to be, until I die.
 Come life, come death, for *Canaan* I'll endeavour,
 It is my home and resting-place for ever.
 Better it is that earthly friends abuse me,
 Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me;
 I'd rather bear my father's wrath and ire,
 Than to be cast into eternal fire.

APOSTATE.

Fie, fie, young man, forbear and take advice,
 Let not hot zeal thy fancy thus entice

For

For to refuse those pleasant things which you
May here enjoy, as many others do :

'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but grief and dotage from it springs ;
'Twill dull thy wit, and make thee like a drone,
And thoult be slighted too by every one.

How might'st thou live at ease, and pleasure have,
If once these ways thou would'st resolve to leave ;
And, like a flower, flourish in the spring,
And, with young gallants, might'st rejoice and
sing,

And spend thy days in pleasures sweet and rare,
I prythee, youth, consider, O take care
To cheer thy heart, behold now in thy sight,
What earthly joys most sweetly do invite.

PROFESSOR.

Young, it is true I am, and in my prime,
Therefore resolve for to improve my time ;
The flower of my days, dost think I will
Give to the Devil, lust for to fulfil ?
Shall Satan have the primest of my days,
And put off Christ with base and vile delays,
Until old-age, and then, at last, present
The dregs of time to him ? I'll not consent,
To such vile thoughts I will not lend an ear,
I, to my Saviour, more affection bear.
Since first of th' living spring my soul did drink,
All sinful pleasures in my nose did stink.
More precious joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this world doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,
And judg'd a fool or drone, yet can I take

N

All

All for him, who for me hath undergone
More shame than this, before his work was
done.

This is my choofing-time, I have made choice,
God's word I will obey, and hear his voice.
God's counsel 'tis, that, first of all, in youth
I should him seek, and cleave unto the truth.
Your counsel I abhor, shall lustful fire
Be kindled in my breast? Shall my desire
Run out again to *Egypt's* cursed stuff?
I know 'tis naught, of it I have enough.

APOSTATE.

Alas! the journey's long, you'll wearied be,
And faint, before that kingdom you do see.

PROFESSOR.

Nay, Sir, be silent, that is false, for I,
By faith, most clearly do the land espy:
But, is the journey long? blame me no more,
Betimes i'th' morning I set out therefore.
Why didst thou say it was too soon for me
For to set out, if long the journey be?
I do resolve, in youth, with speed to strive,
Lest I too late, at last, should there arrive.
While strength and youth do last, I'll bend my
mind
To travel hard, because I clearly find
Old age and limbs quite out of case
To go a journey, or to run a race.
Alas! when night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this journey to begin;

When

When sun, and moon, and stars, all dark'ned be,
And clouds return, that we no light can see;
When rain and tempests do most sore appear,
And th' keepers of the house all trembling are;
When the strong men themselves are forc'd to
how,

And grinders cease also, because that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And those through windows which do look
about,

Are become dim, nay, dark'ned without light,
And doors too, in the street, are shut up quite;
When the low sound o'th' grinders scarcely heard,
He riseth up too at the voice o'th' bird;
And all the daughters of sweet musick rare
Are brought too low, don't for such musick
care;

And fears increase in thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh:
When flourish shall the almond-tree also,
And the grasshopper shall be a burden too;
When loosed is the precious silver cord,
And golden bowl is broken, as we've heard;
When the weak pitcher at the fountain's broke,
And th' wheel at th' cistern, with a heavy stroke;
When desire fails, and there, alas! is none,
What will such do, who han't this race begun?
Besides, 'tis clear, my days uncertain be,
Old age, alas! I may not live to see.
Young-men are quickly gone, for I behold
Daily, as young as I are turn'd to mould.
My own experience doth discover this,
My life a bubble and a vapour is.

The flower which doth spread, and is so gay,
 Soon may it fade, and wither quite away.
 If I therefore have still much work to do,
 Or, as you say, so long a way to go ;
 It doth concern me, then, with all my power,
 For to improve each day, yea, ev'ry hour ;
 For days to come, I see, may not be mine,
 My time I'll spend, not as thou spendest thine.
 My weights I'll cast away, this race to run,
 Stand still I must not, nor with thee return ;
 I must provide my oil, get grace in store,
 For, ere a while, I shall be seen no more
 This side the grave ; I haste therefore to meet
 The glorious Judge, at the great Judgment-seat ;
 I must make haste, be swift, like to the sun,
 Lest that my work's to do, when time is done.

APOSTATE.

To you, young man, I have declared much
 Of the sad danger ; but your zeal is such,
 Nought that I say with you takes any place,
 You don't believe me, that's the very case.
 But what's the reason, youth, so many folk
 Decline those paths in which you now do walk ?
 Were ways of your strict holiness so sweet,
 They in this sort would never back retreat :
 I did resolve, with others, for to try,
 And find you all deceived utterly.
 Your whole religion's nought but mere conceit,
 Let none, therefore, thy soul, with fancies
 cheat.

Since

Since wise-men daily do your ways forsake,
Be thou advis'd, and other counsel take.

PROFESSOR.

If thousands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scriptures shews was heretofore.
Thousands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter;
They never had of Christ a saving taste,
Who quite away their seeming hopes do cast;
Their hearts, alas! are rotten and unsound,
Who in Christ Jesus never sweetness found.
But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny,
Because that you some hypocrites espy?
'Those who do murmur in the wilderness,
'The Land of Promise never shall possess.
But if they will the precious Lord revoke,
Shall I from thence resolve to slip the yoke?
Because they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the land he can't receive?
Because so many walk'd i'th' way to hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
The vain enjoyments of an evil world?
Or shall with fancies thus my soul be hurl'd?
Because that *Judas* did for thirty pence,
Sell his dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence.
Peter, a fool, who priz'd his Saviour so,
That for his sake all things he'd undergo.
If fearful soldiers basely quit the field,
Shall valiant champions, therefore, straightway
yield

Most cowardly unto their treach'rous foe,
Whom they assured were to overthrow.
If mariners, unskill'd in navigation,
Are split on rocks, shall all then in the nation
That have that curious art, resolve, therefore,
Never to use the art of sailing more?
Because the sluggard sees the winds do blow,
The rain descending, with cold hail and snow,
He doth give o'er, and faith no longer will
Remain i'th' field, his barren land to till:
Shall faithful husbandmen, from the like ground,
Who have oft-times, by good experience, found,
Without they sow, no harvest they can have,
Resolve the painful labours quite to leave?
He that won't plow, because o'th' snow or rain,
Shall beg at harvest, and shall nought obtain.
So, in like sort, to mind my present case,
'Cause Reason's void of God's true saving Grace,
Apostatize, as you yourself have done,
Must I to th' Devil headlong with you run?
'Cause some professors secretly do love
Some base corruptions, doth this, therefore,
prove,

There's none sincere for God in all the earth,
Whose souls do not experience the second birth?
I, for my part, through grace, have this to say,
I never shall, nor can I, fall away.
All those whom God has unto Jesus given,
They never can be dispossest'd of Heaven;
The promise of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they, like *Isaac*, even so are heirs,
Who could not miss, nor dispossest be,
Unless God's Words made a mere nullity.

God's

God's Covenant also, with Christ, doth stand,
Who can supply our wants on ev'ry hand;
Sin shall not reign, such is our happy case,
We are not under the law, but under grace.
This covenant is not like to the old,
We of a surer person now have hold.
We stand not now as *Adam* did, 'tis plain,
God never will trust that old man again.
Our credit's nothing worth, our surety
Is in our room, our wants he must supply.
Besides all this, I'll hint another thing,
Which, to my soul, doth much refreshment
bring;
He that's the author of my faith, I 'spy,
Will finish it himself assuredly.
He that in me has a good work begun,
Will perfect it also, ere he has done.
Within God's Saints eternal life doth dwell,
This would remove the doubt, consider'd well;
Those unto whom eternal life is given,
How can it be that such should miss of Heaven?
And, now to 'breviate, 'tis my intent,
Sir, if you please, to frame one argument.
If the new creature, in the souls of men,
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The same in nature it must surely be,
Which cannot death, or like mutation see;
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make most plain appear.
The seed also doth in their souls remain,
They cannot sin to death who're born again;
God's fear, moreover, is so in their heart,
That they from him shall never more depart.

Thus

Thus is my standing very firm and sure,
 And to the end I know I shall endure :
 And as for those who fall away and die,
 I shall discover clearly by and by,
 What kind of men and women they are all,
 Which will hold forth the cause too of their fall.

APOSTATE.

Most confident I do perceive you are,
 Daunted at nothing, yet, pray let me hear
 Those persons names which you did lastly meet,
 Who finally resolve for to retreat,
 And leave those paths which you seem to com-
 mend ;
 Come, speak to this, and we will make an end.

PROFESSOR.

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear,
 As if they cowards, and faint-hearted were ;
 Under their tongues also, close, secretly,
 Some pleasant morsels I am sure do lie ;
 And in them all doth reign some cursed evil,
 Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

APOSTATE.

As you suppose, but pray youth have a care,
 For they sincere and sober people are ;

And

And I do question whether, yea or nay,
Thou dost them know, what further hast to say?

PROFESSOR.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And since you urge me, I resolve to tell
What kind of folk they are, and also shall
Their names discover unto great and small.
Master *Fearful* was one that I did see,
With him was goody *Sensuality*;
With my dame *Misbelief*, and goodman *Outside*,
Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were
try'd;
One *Unbelief*, a very wicked man,
Turn him out of his way there's no one can.
Besides them also, there's one *Earthly Heart*,
Who nothing loves so well as plow and cart:
Also there's *Esau Faint-heart*, most profane,
Who sells his birth-right pottage to obtain;
With *Belly-God*, a man whom I do find,
Flesh pots and onions he doth chiefly mind:
There's mistress *Discontent* too, with the rest,
Who would have nought but what she liketh
best:
Master *Hot-love*, soon cold, also was there,
Lately, for zeal, few could with him compare:
There's *Ishmael Legal-heart*, in truth also,
When troubles rise, he straight away doth go,
With master *Baalam*, who doth Jesus leave,
The wages of unrighteousness to have.
Some people also I have lately met,
Who were with sin most easily beset;

And

And divers heavy weights they also bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give
o'er.

A gentleman I also did behold,
Whose trade was great, and store he had of
gold ;

He's going back with sorrow, I do know,
Because he can't have Christ and the world too.

One master *Atheist*, that I think's his name,
As like yourself, as if he were the same ;

He's fallen back so far, and turn'd aside,

That at religion he doth much deride ;

He thinks religion's but a foolish thing,

Which doth no comfort, nor no profit bring.

This is too true, you also are the man,

To clear yourself, deny it if you can.

No marvel 'tis you play the Devil's part,

In lab'ring thus for to deceive my heart,

And blind mine eyes, if that thou knewest how,

Thoud'st make me like thyself, and therefore
now

I am resolv'd with thee for to engage,

Who striv'd to stop me in my pilgrimage.

A foe, more vile than you, what soul can
meet ?

I'll therefore bring you down unto my feet.

Some stones I think to fetch out of God's Book,

Though like *Goliab* you do seem to look ;

Yet in his name, whom you so much defy,

I shall prevail against you by and by.

I thought, I must confess, some years ago,

I should not, in the least, been stopp'd by you,

Or that I should have met with opposition

From such a foe, to add to my affliction.

But since this is my sad unhappy fate,
I'll add a line or two to vindicate
The dreadful God; so far as lies in me,
I'll vindicate that Glorious Deity,
Who in my soul has so his image set,
That I his glorious being can't forget.
Shall he, which form'd both Heaven and the
earth,
From whom I have my precious life and birth,
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd?
What soul can such a sinful wretch abide?
Who strives at once, if that you could it do,
The life of all religion to o'erthrow.
Hast thou got ought to speak, and wilt thou
enter
On the debate? Yea, durst thou to adventure
'To ope thy mouth i'th' least, for to defend
Those thoughts of thine, which clearly do descend
From Hell beneath? thou't prove thyself thereby,
The Devil's friend, *Jehovah's* enemy.

APOSTATE.

Thou childish lad, dost think I am afraid
For to deceive myself, or am dismay'd
By silly dreams and fancies, which affright
Those simple ones, who dare not walk i'th' night;
Who startle at the shadow which they see,
And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a tree?
And since I do perceive you understand
What my opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove and fully make appear,
There is a God, for none at all I fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all believe,
 Nor is there any Heaven to receive
 The souls of holy men, when they do die,
 Nor is there any Hell of misery
 For sinners, after death, as you conceit,
 All is nought else but a religious cheat.

PROFESSOR,

Dare you your Maker, thus with impudence
 Deny and tread upon? such insolence
 What soul can bear! what age can shew the like!
 Where so much light hath been seen, shall mortals
 strike

At the great God, and glorious Deity,
 Whose dreadful being and existency
 The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear,
 His God-head did to them most plain appear
 By the creation; man, as in a glass,
 May there behold who his Creator was,
 'Tis time to arm myself, and look about,
 When, by an Atheist, I am challeng'd out;
 When th' whole of all religion lies at stake.
 'Tis time to rouse, and also for to shake
 Off sloth and idleness, and to engage
 With such a foe, in this my pilgrimage.
 If once I should unto an Atheist yield,
 And treach'rously acquit the field,
 The strongest hold of truth betray should I,
 Into the hands of its worst enemy;
 And should un-man myself of Christian too,
 And my dear soul of reason overthrow.

I should

I should debase myself, should I deny
My noble birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefest glory springs from supreme head,
In his descent from him, who made and bred,
And brought him forth, and doth his life maintain,
From hence man doth his chiefest honour gain.
'Tis Pow'r Divine that man doth greaten thus,
As to create him King o'th' Universe.
Whoe'er disowns his blessed pedigree,
Does prove himself unnatural to be,
For man to say he came by hap or chance,
As 'tis a piece of wilful ignorance;
Himself also he doth depose thereby,
From his own honour and rare dignity;
And vile contempt upon himself doth bring,
As well as dirt upon that essence fling,
Who form'd his soul, and gave to him his
breath,
And made him ruler here upon the earth.
But to proceed and lend my helping hand,
In the defence of sacred truth to stand,
And vindicate my great Creator's cause,
By nature's light, and also by those laws
Which supernat'ral are, and most divine,
Whose light excels, yea, and whose glories shine.
You ask me how I can make it appear
There is a God, attend, and now give ear,
And weigh my arguments and reasons sound,
And let not Satan more your soul confound,
And reason quite destroy, as he has done,
Lest to the Devil you do headlong run.

APOSTATE.

Before you do proceed, thus you must know,
 If you a God do think to prove, or show;
 Be sure of this, young man, it must not be
 By *Scripture-proof*, for its authority
 I do deny, and cannot it believe,
 You never shall that way my heart deceive;
 The knowledge which you supernat'ral call,
 Is a mere cheat, I mind it not at all.

PROFESSOR.

Though supernat'ral knowledge you despise,
 And count God's Holy Word to be but lies;
 I briefly shall stand up in its defence,
 And shew your pride and cursed insolence,
 That all may love God's word, prize it and see
 Its worth and weight, and its authority.
 To be divine, and by *Jehovah* given,
 To lead poor souls in the right way to Heaven;
 One thing of you, i'th' first place, I demand,
 Pray let me know, and fully understand
 When this supposed cheat did first commence,
 And in what part o'th world, bring evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith, it commenc'd not here,
 Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
 Ask all the Heathens too, in ev'ry age,
 If their philosophers brought it on the stage.
 If you can find it out, pray bring't to light,
 Or else confess your darkness worse than night.

'Tis

'Tis strange that such an universal cheat
Should thus be put upon the world, and yet
No one can see who did the same devise,
Nor how, nor when, the same at first did rise :
Since all the world stands silent and is mute,
This might a period put to the dispute.
But, secondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do so much disdain
The Holy Scriptures, who just proof could
bring,

To shew i'th' least they were a forged thing.
If none can them disprove, O then, say I,
What ground have you the scriptures to deny ?
The scriptures also, I observe, have been
Strangely preserved, by a pow'r unseen :
In ev'ry age, kept both in word and sense,
From secret fraud, and open violence,
Against the num'rous armies of all those
That were both secret, yea, and open foes.
No wicked or malicious man could ever
Subvert the scripture, though they did endeavour.

The beastly clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
Through whose hands the scripture to us
come ;

Though guilty of most vile abomination,
As ever was committed in a nation ;
Their cursed sins are hateful to relate,
Which they committed, and did tolerate ;
And that they might more freely do the same,
And so be kept from sad reproach and shame,
They say the Pope himself may change the laws
Of th' Holy Gospel, as himself sees cause ;

And make the sense of scriptures to agree,
 With time and place, as he most fit doth see,
 How free those sacrilegious monsters were,
 Had God permitted, to extinguish clear
 The sacred scripture, and put out their light,
 And fill'd the world with an eternal night.
 But we may see, although it made its way
 Through those muddy channels, yet have they
 Been still kept pure, and still remain a law
 To keep most men, save *bloody* Popes, in awe.
 Now, if against so many enemies,
 Who us'd all means the Devils could devise
 T' obliterate that soul-informing word,
 It was preserv'd, but not by human sword.
 How dare you, Sir, presume for to *deny*
 Its blessed and divine *authority*?
 Another ground or reason I shall urge,
 Which proves God's Words Divine, as I do
 judge,
 'Tis taken from that influence they have
 Upon their hearts, whom God intends to save;
 It turns them from that cursed *way* of sin,
 Which once they loved and delighted in.
 It brings them out of darkness into light,
 Yea, and discovers Jesus to their sight,
 Filling their souls with inward life and peace,
 And precious *joy*, the which shall never cease.
 The glorious power which God did afford,
 Always to those which stood up for his word,
 Most *clearly* shews, methinks, to *ev'ry* eye,
 The Scripture's true, and their *authority*
 To be Divine, whatever you may say,
 I cannot give this argument away.

How

How they have been supported in the flames,
Which, as it did perpetuate their names,
So God thereby did stir up ten for one,
To stand up for his word, when they were
gone.

Ah! How did they rejoice, Sir, in the fire?
Which made their very enemies admire.
Would'st thou one instance have, I could give
two,

And ten times twenty more, if that would do;
But if I should, I'm sure I should transgress,
And overcharge th' appendix and the press;
And therefore I will add one reason more,
To prove God's word divine, and so give o'er.
How has the scripture made the atheist quake,
And all his limbs with dreadful horror shake!
When on a death-bed they have come to lie,
Their Conscience waking, in their face did fly:
Though, in their health, they did it much
despise,

And did affirm it was made up with lies;
Yet has it made them howl, at last, and cry,
We are undone to all eternity.

'Twas like unto the writing on the wall,
Which did foretel profane *Belshazzar's* fall;
Which was so terrible, yea, and so strange,
It wrought amongst them a most sudden change.
Their mirth and jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earnestly desire,
To hear it read, nought then will serve the turn
But an interpreter; his heart did burn,
His trembling knees smote one against another,
As if his joints were loosed from each other.

Thus those who won't confess *Jehovah's* name,
 Are forc'd to own him, to their utter shame;
 And those who will not of God's word allow,
 Are forc'd, by Conscience, under it to bow.
 These things weigh'd, may make you quite give
 o'er,

Yea, and God's word thus to oppose no more.
 Now, if the scripture cannot be gain-said,
 Methinks each soul should be exceeding 'fraid.
 How they condemn that glorious Deity,
 Whom they so clearly shew and magnify.
 But to leave this a little, and descend
 To man's own reason, which you so commend,
 How many Heathens did alone thereby
 Find out, dear Sir, God's glorious Majesty?
 If you your reason did but exercise,
 From atheism, doubtless, you might rise,
 And hate also this soul destroying evil,
 Thus siding with, and yielding to the Devil.

APOSTATE.

{ Among the Heathens, youth, were men of
 fame,
 Who, for their skill in nature, had the name
 Above all others, which did quite deny
 There was a God, or such a Deity.

PROFESSOR.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Aristotle*,
 With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the rabble,

And

And such like *Atheists*, I must grant to you,
Deny'd there was a God, as stories shew.
Philosophy is good, but men abuse it,
When they, like those old Heathen Authors,
use it.

God doth sometimes men's reason darken quite,
For not improving of the means of light;
And to their vile affections doth them give,
Because, on earth, like brutes, they seem to live.
But tho' these nat'ral sots could not espy,
By all their skill, th' Eternal Deity;
Yet many thousand Heathens I must show
By nature's light alone, did come to know
There was a God, that searched so about
Into God's works, they found his God-head out:
For when they gave themselves up seriously
To study nature's book, and come to pry
Into the cause of all things here on earth,
And their effects, did clearly see the birth,
Or first original, of every thing,
From such an essence to descend or spring.
The very novices in nature's school,
May soon convince that man to be a fool,
Who, by the Creator's glory, can't discern
The being of that dreadful Sovereign,
Who did them form and make, for every where
His glorious God-head they do all declare.
Had I but time, I could some pages fill,
To shew to you, how that man's reason will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The nature of his soul, this he might find.
Man's soul is like a spring, or like to fire,
It resteth not aloft, but doth aspire,

And

And unto *Noah's Dove* I'll it compare,
 God is the ark, soul's rest alone in there.
 The flesh dams up the spring, quenches desire,
 Keeps out of th' ark, to which it would retire.
 But to conclude this, no man can disown,
 God, by his judgment, daily is made known.
 What sad examples daily do we hear,
 Of wrath and vengeance almost every where ?
 Some drunkards and blasphemers struck down
 dead,
 And others, with strange judgments, tortured.
 Some have presum'd the Holy God to dare,
 Whom he would not one little minute spare.
 If this will not convince you of your error,
 I fear you will, ere long, fall under terror ;
 For if you will not now fair warning take,
 God may, of you, a sad example make.
 Your state, alas ! above all men, is sad,
 Because of God you once such knowledge had,
 And of his ways, which now you loath and hate ;
 O Sir ! consider this your woeful state,
 And cry to God, if peradventure he
 May give you grace, whereby your soul may see
 Your heinous sin, that so you may repent
 And turn to God before your days are spent.

APOSTATE.

I must confess, I know not what to say,
 If there's a God, then cursed be the day :
 That ever I was born, for I do know,
 He never unto me will mercy show.

I now

I now resolve to open my condition,
Tho' all's in vain, for there is no contrition
Will do me good, I utterly am lost,
For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost;
I wilfully have sinn'd, and there remains
Nothing for me, but everlasting pains.
O that there were no God! for then would I
Be like the beast, whene'er I come to die.
For love o'th' world, and for my present ease,
I am become like to the troubled seas.
No rest nor comfort ever shall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd
From these good ways, in which, dear youth,
you go,

Or ever I did God or Jesus know;
For if I had not known them, it is clear,
My sin would not so heinous now appear;
My conscience doth prick me to the heart,
I never shall be eased of this smart.
O that I were in Hell! for then should I
Soon see the worst of my extremity.
Thou shalt, dear youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art chosen from eternity,
To be an heir of that eternal bliss;
But I, alas! am damn'd, what woe like this?
The Devil, with his glist'ring golden ball,
Hath me deceiv'd, and now I see my fall
To be so bad, no tongue can it express,
My woeful pain is quite remediless.
The checks of Conscience did greatly slight,
And loved darkness, greatly hated light;
Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,
Though I of him had hints oft-times most clear,

And

And now will he my soul to pieces tear,
And make me his eternal vengeance bear.
Let all backsliders of me warning take,
Before they fall into the *Strygian Lake* ;
Yea, and return, and make with God their peace,
Before the days of grace and mercy cease ;
For mine are past for ever, Oh ! condole
My sad estate, and miserable soul.
My days will quickly end, and I must lie,
Broiling in flames, to all eternity.

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F I N I S.

